July 15, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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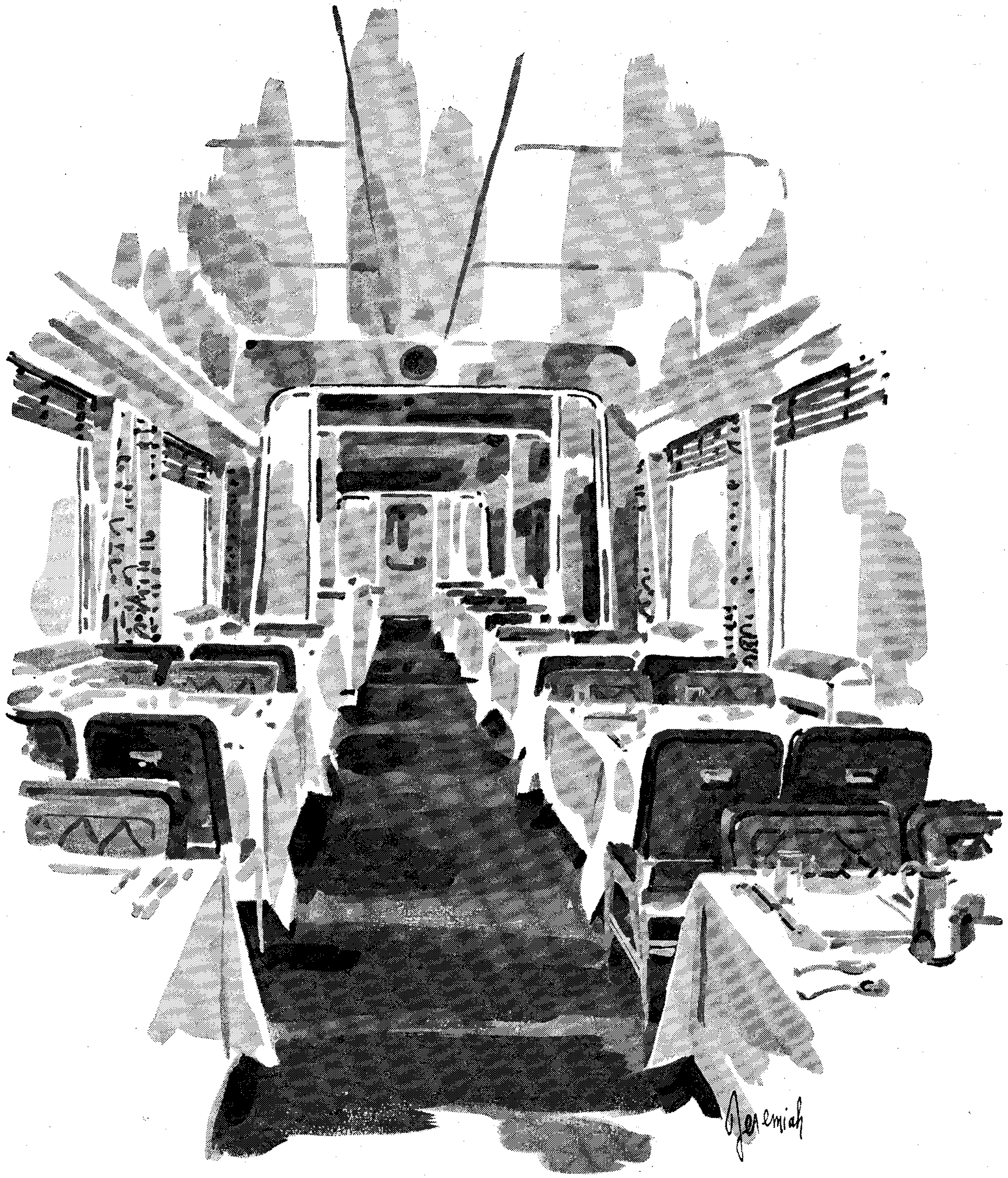

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SIMTEX MILLS, 40 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y. DIVISION OF SIMMONS COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Wallace Ford have the leads in this occasionally exciting play, which has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

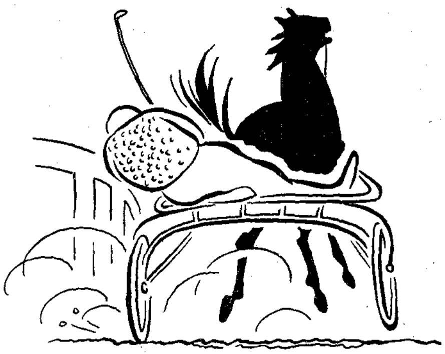
The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and compelling in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. After Saturday, July 15, no performances until Monday, Aug. 14.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. After Saturday, July 15, no performances until Monday, Aug. 14.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and an exciting work of art. The plot tells of the frantic efforts of the wife of a fugitive from a police state to join her husband across the border. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in Mr. Todd's latest scuffle with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of beautiful girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment tough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—*Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't* grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often worth while, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Betty Jane Watson, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. After Saturday, July 15, no performances until Monday, Aug. 14.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys have replaced Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in this Cole Porter musical. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Chandler Cowles, and directed by Mr. Menotti. Opens Wednesday, July 19, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 12. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, July 15: "The Comedy of Errors." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 15: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 15: Lila Lee in "The Velvet Glove." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 15: "The Enchanted Cottage." Wednesday through Saturday, July 19-22: "The Traitor." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 15: "Here Today." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "White Cargo." (Music Hall Summer

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 15: John Carradine in "Julius Caesar." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Nigel Bruce and Dorothy Sands in "Yes, M'Lord." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 15: Lillian Gish in a new play, "Miss Mabel." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 16: "See How They Run." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "The Traitor." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Danbury—Through Sunday, July 16: "The Vagabond King." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: Dorothy Sandlin in "Bitter Sweet." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 15: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Faye Emerson and Francis Lederer in a new play, "Parisienne." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 15: Glenda Farrell in "The Fatal Weakness." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a new comedy, "Angel in the Pawnshop." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 15: "George Washington Slept Here." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Harvey." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 15: "Two Blind Mice." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Pygmalion." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Hyannis—Through Sunday, July 16: "The Chocolate Soldier." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "Rio Rita." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 15: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Lon McCallister in "The Poor Nut." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jutland—Through Sunday, July 16: "They Knew What They Wanted." Wednesday through Sunday, July 19-23: "Made in Heaven." (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Sunday, July 16: "Hell Bent for Heaven." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "Liliom." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:15.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 16: "Bloomer Girl." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "The Red Mill." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 16: "O Mistress Mine." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "Happier Harvest," a new comedy. (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 15: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 15: James Dunn in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Edward Everett Horton in "My French Wife." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—Through Saturday, July 22: "Roberta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 15: Lon McCallister in "The Poor Nut." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 15: Bert Wheeler in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Light Up the Sky." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 13: "The Quick and the Dead." Friday and Saturday, July 14-15: "Skipper Next to God." Tuesday, July 18: "Nathan the Wise." Wednesday, July 19: "The Cherry Orchard." Thursday, July 20: "Uncle Vanya." Friday and Saturday, July 21-22: "Thunder on the Left." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

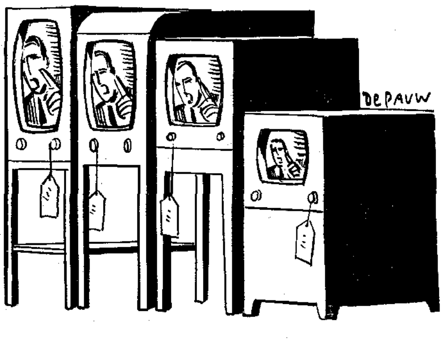
New Hope—Through Saturday, July 15: Faye Emerson and Francis Lederer in a new comedy, "Parisienne." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Conrad Janis in "June Moon." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 15: Sam Levene in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 15: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 15: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "The Live Wire," a new play by Garson Kanin. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, July 16: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: Lillian Gish in a new play, "Miss Mabel." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



Pawling—Through Sunday, July 16: "Arms and the Man." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "Ah! Wilderness." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 22: "Laburnum Grove." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 15: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 15: "Right You Are, If You Think You Are." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Misalliance." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga—Through Saturday, July 15: Carol Stone in "The Gay Divorce." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Victor Jory in "The Spider." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 15: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Fran Warren in "Finian's Rainbow." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 15: "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Harvey." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 15: "Burlesque." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Private Lives." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 15: "Peg o' My Heart." Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: "Harvey." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 15: John Emery in "The Life of the Party," a new play by Lawrence Langner. Monday through Saturday, July 17-22: Basil Rathbone and Meg Mundy in "The Winslow Boy." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Saturday, July 15: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: Margaret Webster in "The Three Sisters." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, July 16, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

Worcester—Through Sunday, July 16: "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Tuesday through Sunday, July 18-23: "No More Ladies." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing by Nana Gollner, Paul Petroff, and others, July 14-15. . . . ¶ José Limón and his company, Pearl Primus, and Lillian Moore, July 21-22. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.)

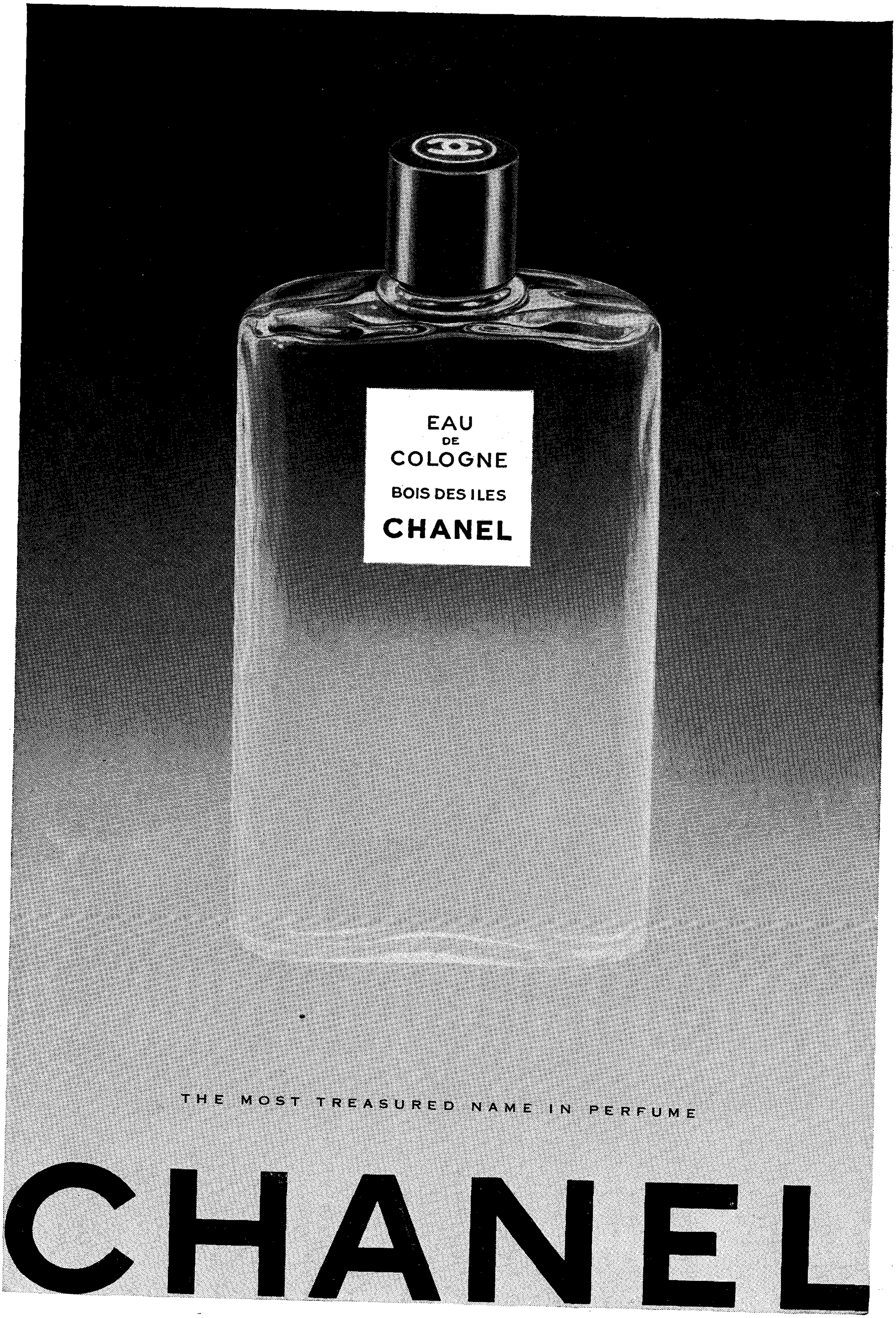
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's band is spending the summer in the subterranean but pleasant Garden, where it plays for dancing every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, ideally suited to the small fry who are fond of danc-


EAU
DE
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CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ing on this lofty ceiling. Alan Holmes' band performs, too. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, except Sundays, and for dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is dark on Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, a crow's-nest far above New York harbor, is open once more for dinner and (after nine) dancing to the music of Bob Collum's band. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Daniels sings about some Manhattan varieties of passion, and the Mad Moiselles indulge in their own special brand of insanity at late dinner and supper. Dancing. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. The dance music is supplied by the band of Billy Banks, a heartwarming veteran himself.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—An old cloister inhabited by a rather worldly order of recluses. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room again has an ice show at dinner and supper, looking like all other ice shows but demonstrating how much can be done with a cake of ice, a dozen pairs of skates, and six pairs of beautiful legs. Jean Arden has the best pair of each. Bernie Cummins' big band is softer-voiced than most. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Franz Dietschmann plucks his zither and Bernice Byres sings from six on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's band for dancers, and a piano duo for listeners. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, beautiful and serene and débutante, where the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz ramble along steadily hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, Shep Fields' orchestra ripples rhythmically almost all evening, from dinnertime on, for the resident athletes. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The Cinderellas for whom the bell tolls here (at 4 A.M., not midnight) wear the gladdest rags in town. Suzy Mulligan, now the Stork's mascot, sings off and on. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the customary dance music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every evening, except when Heaven is filling up the reservoirs, there is dancing under the trees and the stars after seven. Inner nourishment, too, after a fashion.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band take up most of the evening, and Don Cornell, a newcomer, sings twice a night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has the Modernaires, singing and tomfooling their little hearts out, as well as Sammy Kaye's sizable band, which indulges in a bit of more ponderous tomfoolery. At the supper hour, Mischa Borr's band helps out manfully. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until midnight.

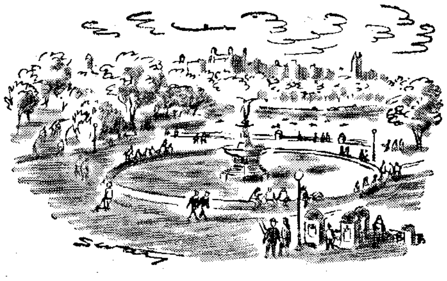
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): After nine every evening but Sunday, Eadie and Rack, seated mostly at their twin pianos, conduct a lively series of at-homes for light-sleeping Thespians. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): All is hustle and bustle as soon as the boys check in from Jamaica. Nicolas Matthey's string trio prowls from table to table from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio lends a hand later in the evening. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Through Saturday, July 15, Nancy Andrews' laissez-faire songs about that little old war between the sexes, and Alan Ross's up-and-coming ones. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Joan Bishop's cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer's eloquent songs about love among the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis starts his transatlantic piano repertory at nine, and later Muriel Gaines sings her jaunty songs. On Sundays, piano music only. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his lifelong co-workers—Mae Barnes, who can single-throatedly shout down the walls of Jericho; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—takes off around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney's piano from seven to one, except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, as sassy a soubrette and as captivating a soprano as you'll encounter anywhere, holds forth twice a night in this Viennese coffeehouse. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Harold Cooke is at the piano in the small bar of this casual old restaurant after nine every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mindy Carson sings with charm and aplomb, Romo Vincent unravels some fairly bulky gags, the DiGatanos whirl, and the Copa girls lackadaisically enmesh themselves in some of the proceedings. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): An enormous, if rustic, colosseum, offering everything from chariot races to Jackie Miles' humor, fresh off the bus from Times Square. The bands of Pupi Campo and Walter Nye roar from their bandstands, and Giselle and François Szony do an unusually handsome set of ballroom dances.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Forecast for the rest of 1950: Intermittent thunder and lightning every evening but Sunday. The thunder: Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall. The lightning: Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Bill Farrell's songs and Charlie Barnet's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Joe Bushkin's trio, revolving high above the bar on a flying saucer, is definitely the life of the party in the big Mermaid Room. All quiet Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Assorted noises by Charlie Parker's orchestra, a band headed by Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt, and Stan Getz's trio. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On July 14, a battle royal between Wild Bill Davison and his strong-arm squad (Benny Morton, Buster Bailey, Frank Signorelli, and Tony Sbarbaro) and Red Allen and his pals (James P. Johnson, Big Sid Catlett, Vic Dickerson, and John Kirby). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another carbarn for the young ones' Friday flings. On July 14, the sound effects will be produced by Max Kaminsky, Edmond Hall, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Art Trappier, and Jonah Jones. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

Dancing—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra, and starting Tuesday, July 18, Kitty Kallen, one of those Broadway song stylists; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

Dinner—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening, except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE**

SUCCESS, L.I.: Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano, except Tuesdays.... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120).... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays.... ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184).... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

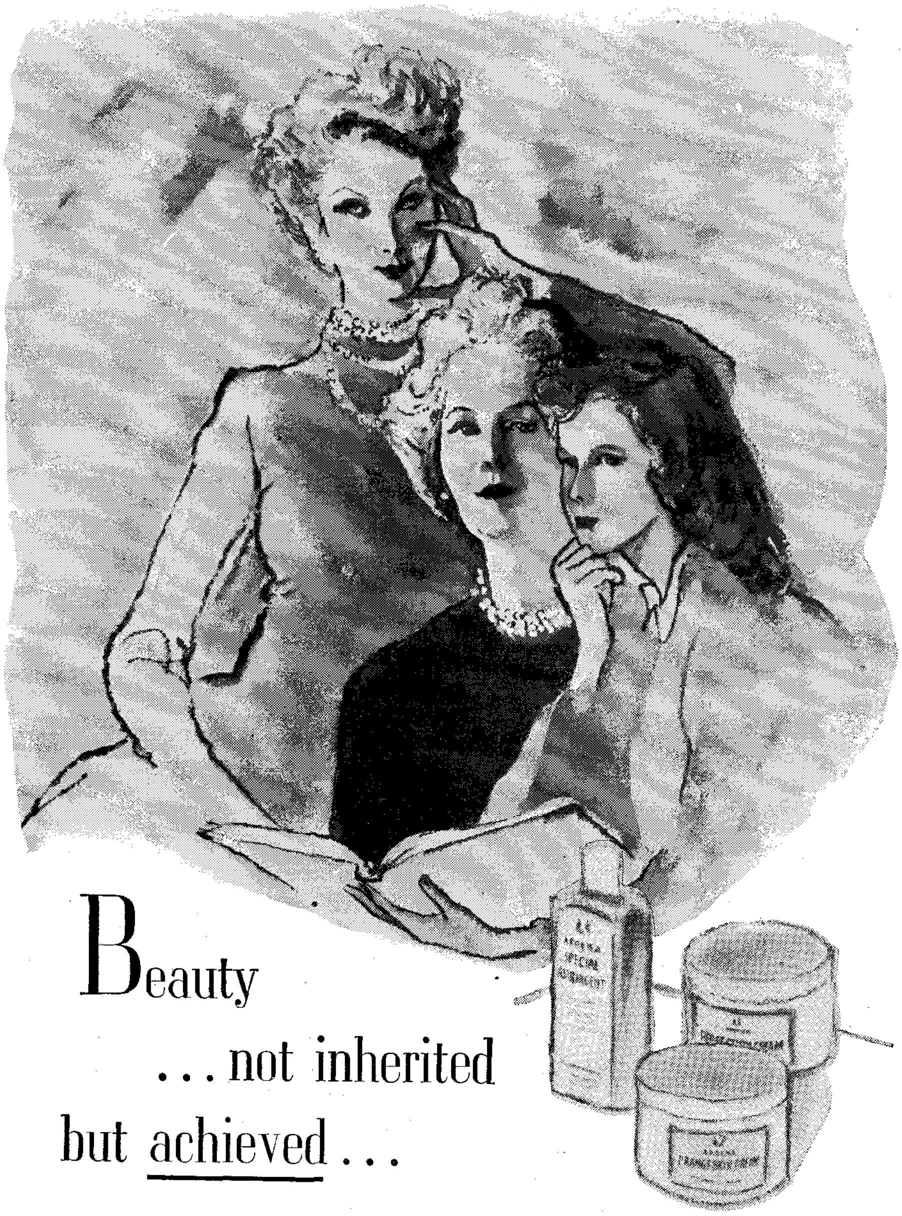
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES DEMUTH—About thirty pictures in water color, tempera, and oil, dated from 1916 through 1933, by this late American artist. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through July 28.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings on summer themes, by Doris Lee, Adolf Dehn, Fletcher Martin, Raphael Soyer, and others of the gallery's group; through July 21.... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, including Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22. Open Saturdays.... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, Lucius Crowell, and others; through July 31.... **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Water colors and prints by around eighty European and American artists; through July 29. Open Saturdays, 9 to noon.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through July 31.... **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by Lawrence Kupferman, Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, and José de Rivera; through July 28.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Doris Rosenthal, and others, in this gallery's seasonal retrospective; through July 31... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Marsden Hartley, John von Wicht, Jankel Adler, and others; through July 28.... **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 9.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Balcomb Greene, Siv Holme, Alfred H. Maurer, and others, in an exhibition called "Fact and Fantasy;" through Aug. 4.... **WELLONS**, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays.... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-



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balanced showing of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others; through July 28.

Landscapes—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

Marine Paintings—The sea as interpreted by Courbet, Vlaminck, Dufy, Feininger, and other artists, of various periods. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

National Arts Club—The annual summer display of work, in all mediums, by members. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, 11 to 6; through Sept. 15.)

Prints—An exhibition covering the past fifty years. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

Sculpture—An outdoor showing of pieces by members of the National Sculpture Society and of the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

Harold Sterner—Drawings, done with documentary exactness, of a number of historically important and architecturally interesting American buildings. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Sept. 1.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition drawn from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of the late Norwegian artist Edvard Munch; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

IN THE COUNTRY

canaan, n.y. Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, Jean Liberte, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . **east hampton, l.i.** Guild Hall: Oils by such local abstractionists as James Brooks, Jackson Pollock, and Robert Motherwell; and water colors by Constantin Alajálov and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, 3 to 6; through July 20. . . . **essex, conn.** Essex Art Association: James Guy, Boris Artzybasheff, and others. Daily, 1 to 5; through July 23. . . . **gloucester, mass.** North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17. . . . **hyannis, mass.** Cape Cod Art Association: Xavier Gonzales, Elliott Orr, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through July 29. . . . **mystic, conn.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Beatrice Cuming, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through July 28. . . . **norwalk, conn.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: A one-man exhibition by Sperry Andrews, along with a group show; both through July 15. Starting the next day, a new group show, called "Summer in the Country." Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6. . . . **ogunquit, maine.** Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual national show of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . **old lyme, conn.** Lyme Art Association: Forty-ninth annual summer exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; starting July 15. . . . **provincetown, mass.** Provincetown Art Association: Chaim Gross, Sol Wilson, Maurice Sterne, and others. Daily, 10 to 10; through July 30. . . . **rockland, maine.** William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Revington Arthur, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . **rockport, mass.** Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Aug. 1. . . . **woodstock, n.y.** Woodstock Artists Association: Eugene Speicher, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Doris Lee, and others. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturday, 11 to 5 and 7 to 9; Sunday, 2 to 5; through July 19.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are being given on most clear nights at 8:30, through Saturday, Aug. 12. In case of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, July 13: Howard Barlow conducting, with Eleanor Steber, soprano, and Gerson Yessin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Frances Yeend, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Robert Merrill, baritone; and Eugene Conley, tenor. . . . ¶ Monday, July 17: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 18: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloist. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Abba Bogin, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Simon Barere, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Margarita Zambrana, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Robert Weede, baritone; and Salvatore Baccaloni, bass. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

Juilliard Concerts—Thursday, July 13: Katherine Bacon, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 18: Louise Behrend, violin, and David Garvey, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19: Maria Kurenko, soprano, and Robert Hufstader, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20: Beveridge Webster, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4; the series will continue through Thursday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

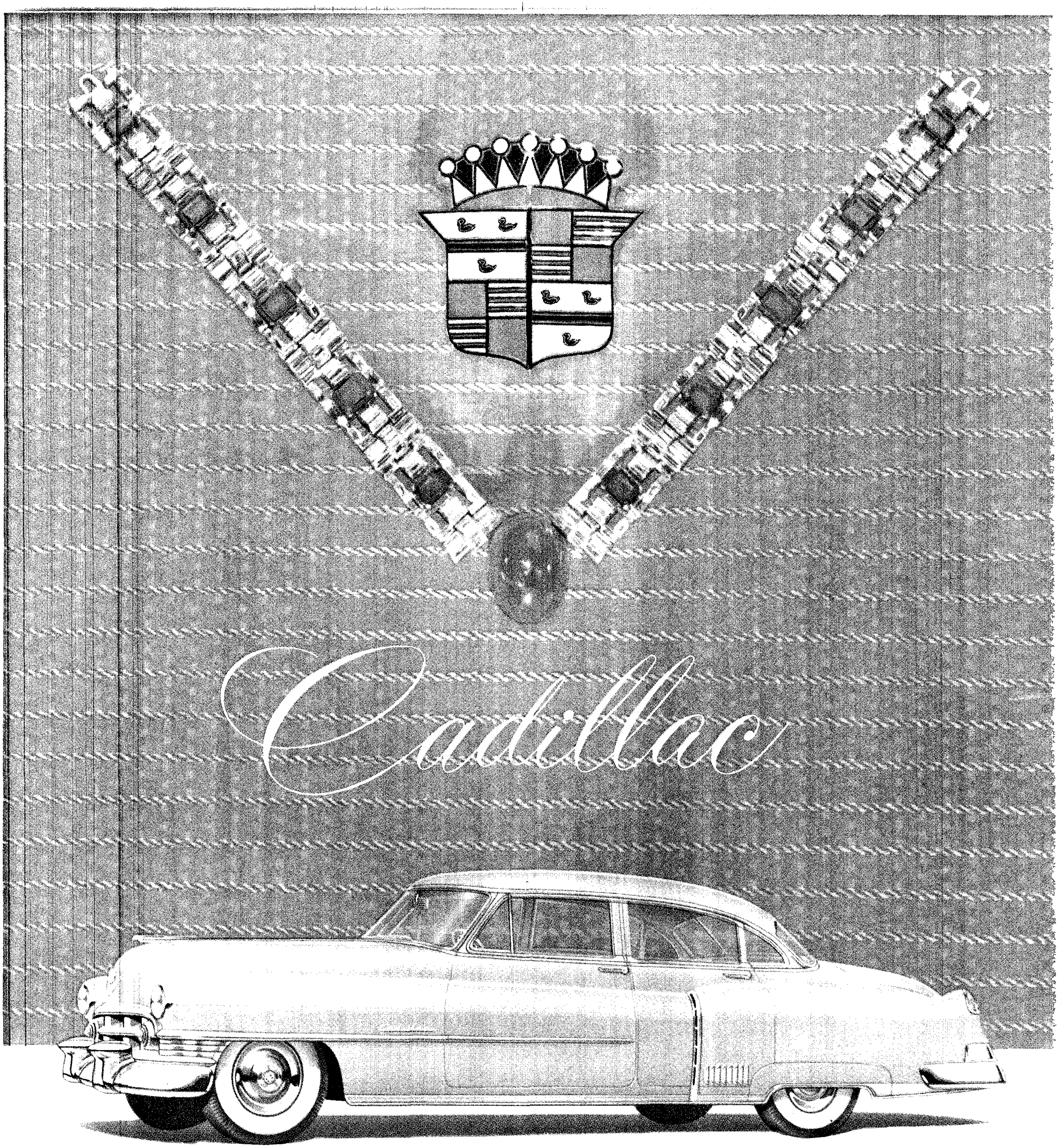
Salmaggi Opera—Saturday, July 15: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: "Don Carlo." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturdays during the month of July, at 8.)

In the Country—The Berkshire Festival, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony. Saturday, July 15, at 8:15: All-Bach program; no soloist. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 3: All-Bach program, with Ruth Posselt, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:15: All-Mozart program; no soloist. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 3: All-Mozart program, with Luboshutz and Nemenoff, duo piano. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 13, at 8:30; Friday, July 14, at 2:30; and Saturday, July 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, July 16, at 2:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, July 18, at 2:30, and Wednesday, July 19, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. De-



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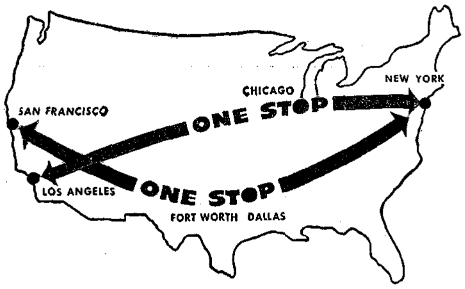
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

troit, Friday, July 21, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 22, at 2.

Golf—New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Through Friday, July 14.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Golf Club, Garden City. Through Saturday, July 15.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Thursday and Friday, July 20-21.)

Polo—At **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Wednesdays at 8:30.

Racing—**EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 15. The Butler Handicap, Saturday, July 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **SARATOGA AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, July 17, through Saturday, July 29. The Albany Handicap, Wednesday, July 19, and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 22. (For trains, see Empire City.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, boats leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at noon; they are met by buses for the track.)

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. Through Sunday, July 16.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. Saturday and Sunday, July 22-23.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26.

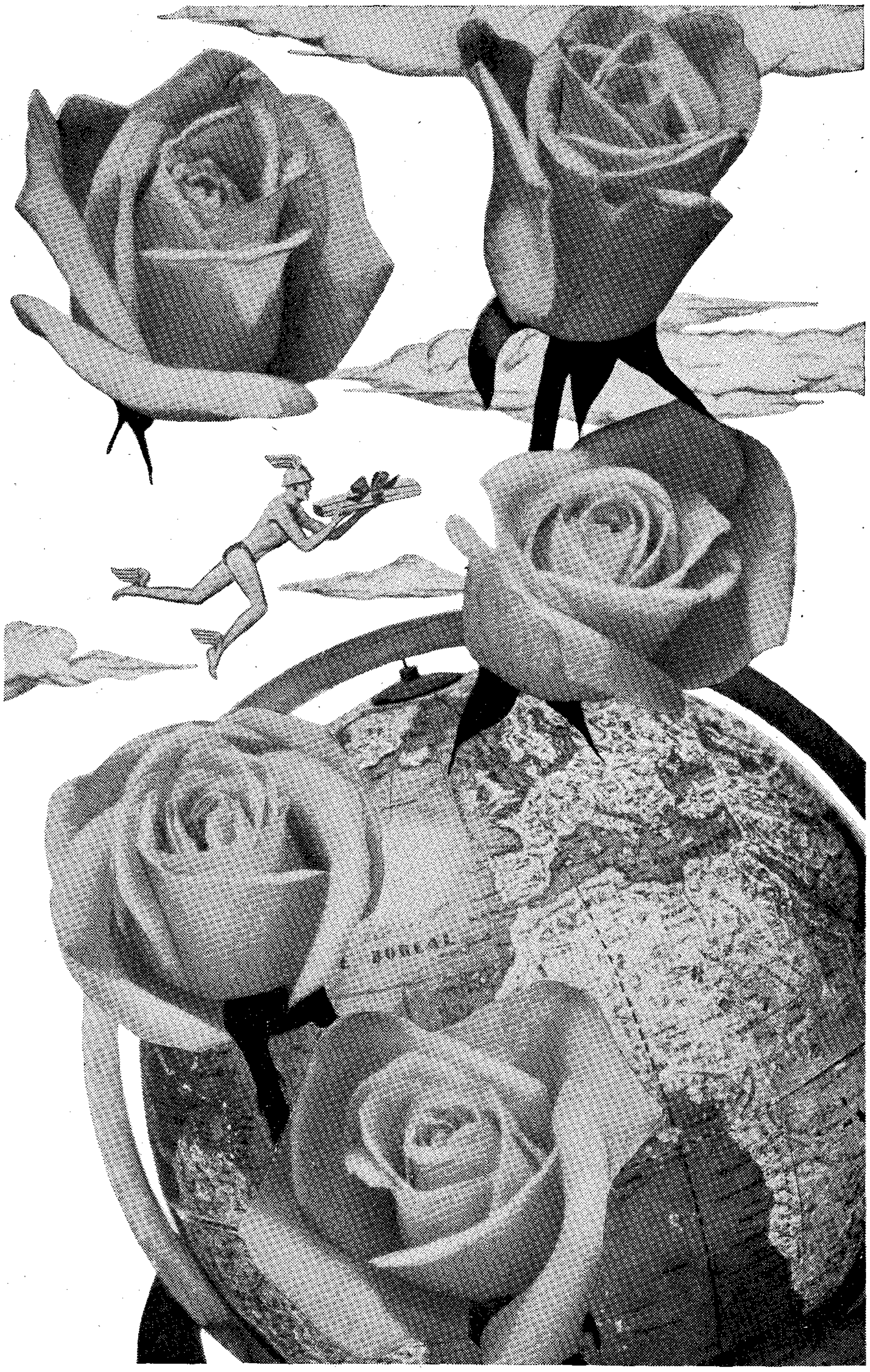
Yachting—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 14-15.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 15, through Saturday, July 22.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 21-22.) . . . ¶ Newport Yacht Club Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, July 22.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The summer show is called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Ile-de-France: Arrives Thursday, July 13; sails Saturday, July 15, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Sails Thursday, July 13, at 3:30. . . . ¶ America: Sails Saturday, July 15, at noon. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, July 15; sails Friday, July 21, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Tuesday, July 18; sails Wednesday, July 19, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, July 20; sails Saturday, July 22, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, July 21. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, July 22.



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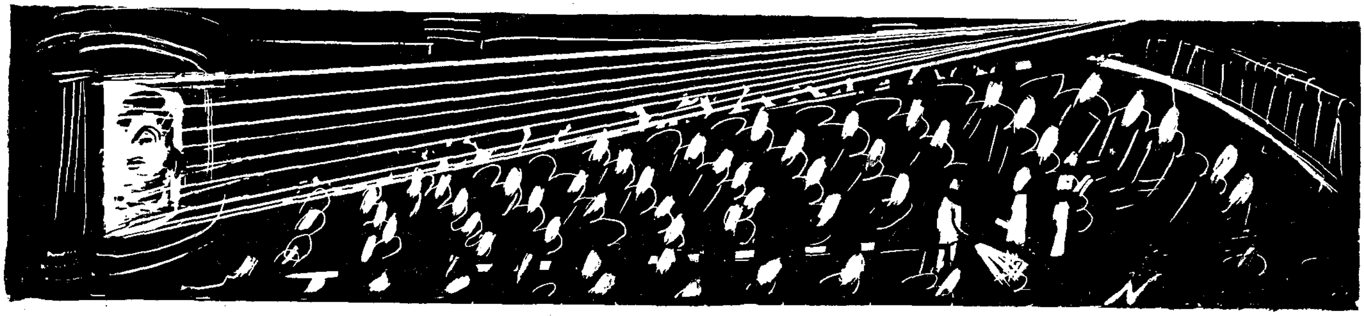
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—Show business, Wild West division. A lively translation to the screen of the Irving Berlin musical. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, and Keenan Wynn. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Asphalt Jungle—Jewel thieves involved in a caper in a Middle Western town. A picture that is distinguished by the direction of the astute John Huston and by the highly satisfactory performances of the actors, among them Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through July 16. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through July 18.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas, supported by a cast made up mostly of legitimate Air Force personnel, demonstrating how the Russians were frustrated in their attempts to blockade Berlin. A fair enough picture when it sticks to shots of the Air Force in action, but one that grows rather dismal when it goes in for some foolish romantic doings strongly reminiscent of the usual Hollywood stuff. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 16.)

In a Lonely Place—Murder in Hollywood, involving Humphrey Bogart as the suspected killer. Pretty overwrought, but not without some taut scenes. Mr. Bogart operates in tandem with Gloria Grahame. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 13. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through July 15. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; starting July 19.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Riding High—Bing Crosby in a remake of "Broadway Bill," the film about an assortment of horse enthusiasts and a noble beast. Directed by Frank Capra, and a genial affair all around. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; July 13.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—An always tense and sometimes terrifying adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's story about a small boy who works himself to death doping out horse races for the benefit of his worthless parents. John Howard Davies is remarkably apt as the boy, and he receives some powerful assistance from John Mills, Valerie Hobson, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Third Man—A fast melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Three Came Home—Ladies in the Japanese prison camps of Borneo. A film made worth while by the excellent performance of Claudette Colbert as the internee around whom most of the action revolves. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 17. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 14-17. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting July 18.)

A Ticket to Tomahawk—Dan Dailey and some other droll types forcing the iron horse over the Colorado Rockies. A fine burlesque Western. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 16.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Angel (1937)—High life and intrigue in Paris. Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 19.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers rampant around a race track. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through July 18, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 17.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 19.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 16-18.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film with Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 18, tentative.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through July 18, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 16: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ Starting July 17: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, and Pat O'Brien. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through July 19 (tentative): "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through July 19 (tentative): "The White Tower," Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
July 13: "Love of a Clown: Pagliacci" (in Italian), Tito Gobbi.
July 14-15: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Amami Alfredo" (in Italian), revival.
July 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
July 17-18: "The Life and Loves of Rossini" (in Italian), revival; and "Come Back to Sorrento" (in Italian), revival.
From July 19: "The Dream of Madame Butterfly" (in Italian), revival; and "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Next Voice You Hear . . . ," James Whitmore, Nancy Davis.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 18: "The Eagle and the Hawk," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.
From July 19: "711 Ocean Drive," Edmond O'Brien, Joanne Dru.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through July 19 (tentative): "If This Be Sin," Myrna Loy, Peggy Cummins.

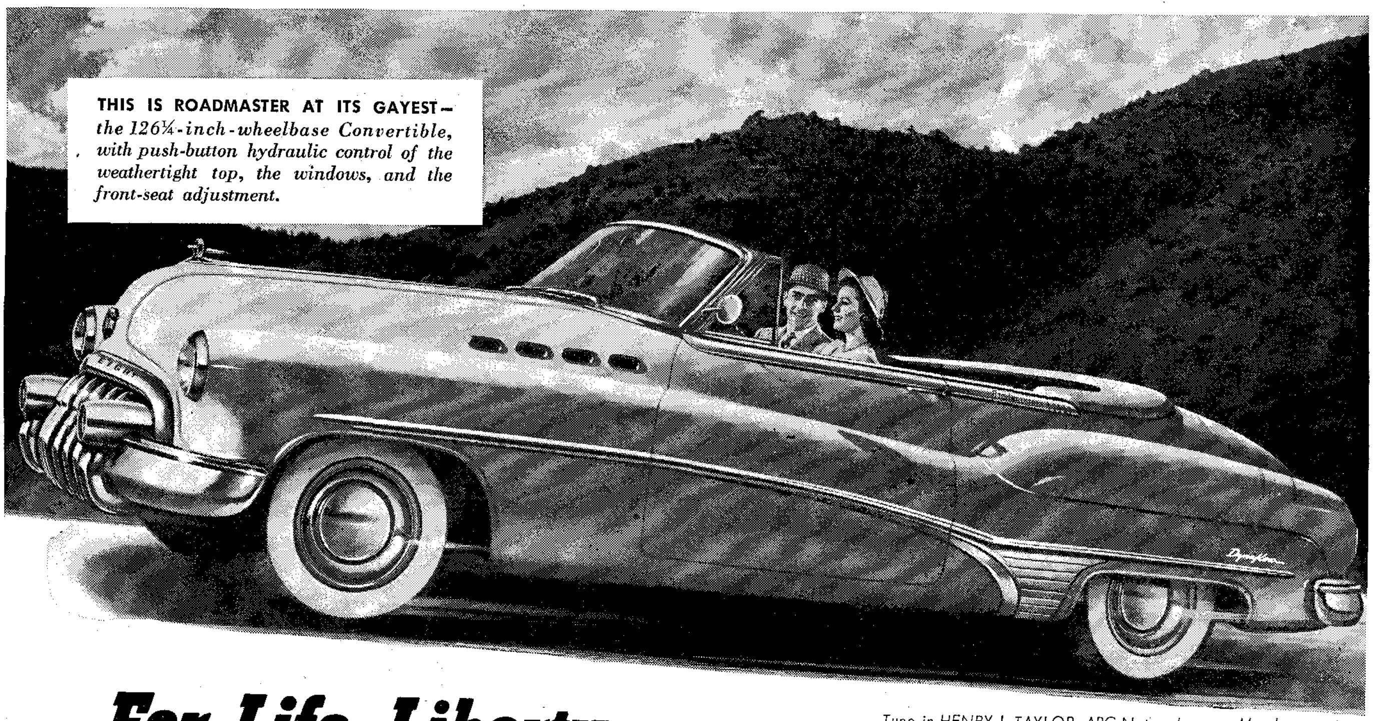
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Where the Sidewalk Ends," Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).



THIS IS ROADMASTER AT ITS GAYEST—*the 126¼-inch-wheelbase Convertible, with push-button hydraulic control of the weathertight top, the windows, and the front-seat adjustment.*

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

For Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

PERHAPS only in this land of ours can such words mean something else besides man's inalienable rights.

Something, say, like this sweeping beauty of an automobile, where such words also truly belong.

It has life, rich and eager—welling up with instant response from a big 152-hp straight-eight Fireball engine.

It offers freedom — from clutch-pedal pushing, from gearshifting, from the tiring strain of traffic crawls — because every Buick ROADMASTER is bounty-blessed with Dynaflow Drive.

Even freedom from the usual jars and jolts of road roughness is yours in this traveler—for here is the Buick ride of all-coil springing, pillowy tires on broad rims, a keel-steadying torque-tube.

So your way here is clear in the pursuit of fun and happiness and the exciting life.

And you go cloaked in the sweetest style lines of the times. You command ROADMASTER power, size, room and comfort—know a new feeling of freedom and breath-taking joy.

All this can be sampled, at your Buick dealer's, without obligation. Why not discover how much unhampered happiness can be yours in any ROADMASTER model by dropping in to see him soon? Like today—or tomorrow at the latest.

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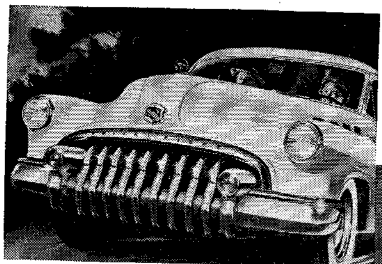
Only BUICK has Dynaflow* and with it goes:

HIGHER-COMPRESSION *Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.)* • **NEW-PATTERN STYLING,** *with* **MULTI-GUARD** *forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights* • **WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,** *close-up road view both forward and back* • **TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,** *less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius* • **EXTRA-WIDE SEATS** *cradled between the axles* • **SOFT BUICK RIDE,** *from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube* • **WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS** *with Body by Fisher.*

** Dynaflow Drive is standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*



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Your Key to Greater Value GM

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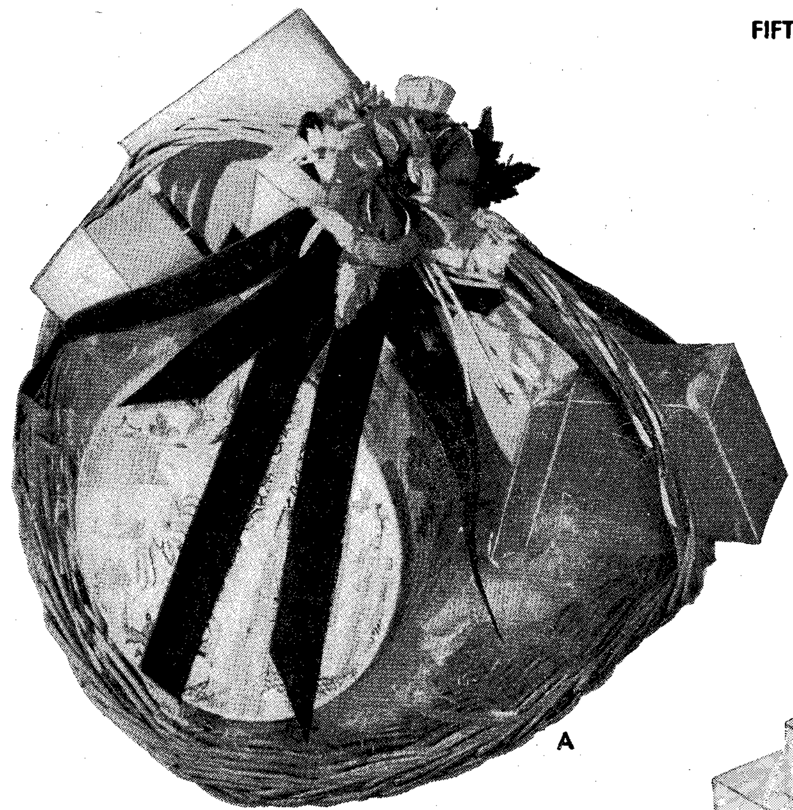

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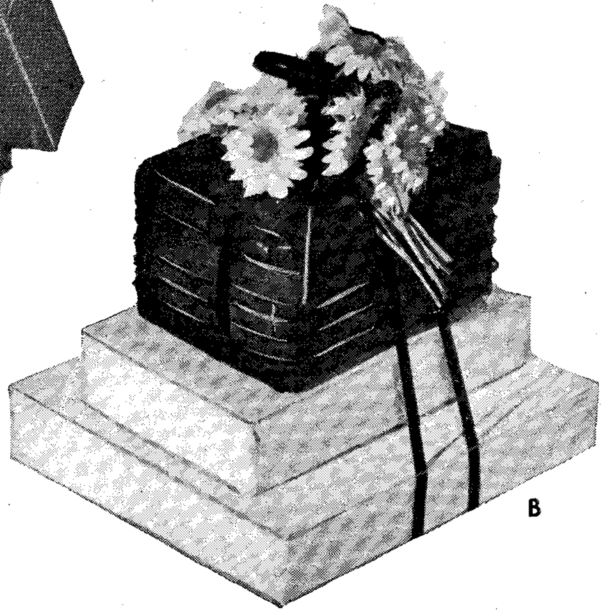

B

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wishes your departing friends a happy voyage. We'll deliver directly to the ship before sailing time. Shown are just three examples from a new flower bedecked collection . . . priced from **5.50** to **32.50**

A. Garden basket with gay field flowers: 17.50
Willow tin imported biscuits • Mixed nuts
Altman assorted chocolates • Fruit candy
Hard lemon candy • Della Robbia mints

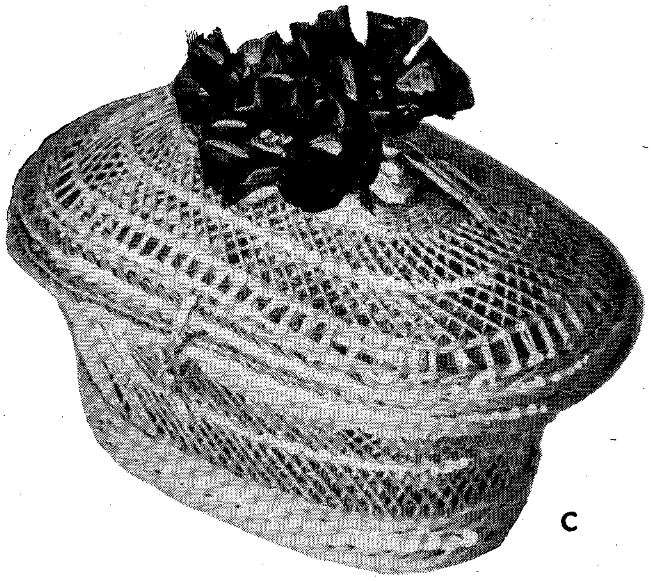
B. Bright daisies on a straw basket: 8.50
Altman chocolates • Wild strawberry jam
Imported lemon drops • Imported biscuits

C. Bird-cage wicker basket with poppies: 10.95
Lindt chocolates • Altman wafer-thin mints
Salted nuts • Stuffed fruits

Altman gift baskets, main floor

Orders may be placed at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset.

WRITE, WIRE OR PHONE MURRAY HILL 9-7000



C

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

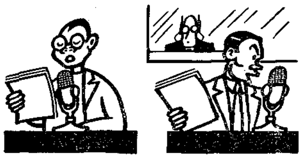
THE news vender on the northeast corner of Madison and Forty-third sells afternoon papers with the cry "Oh, the Russians! Oh, the *bad* Russians!"

SCIENCE, we are prepared to say to anybody listening, is a cockeyed wonder. One by one, the problems that have long beset humanity are toppling. Rain on Commencement Day? The University of Illinois traces all nearby showers with radar and times the ceremonies to escape them. Lost golf balls? The B. F. Goodrich Company has made a radioactive ball that can be found with a Geiger counter. Worried about free will? The Burden Neurological Institute, in England, has produced two electromechanical "tortoises" that give every appearance of having free will. Cramped for space? A piece of furniture has been designed that combines storage cabinet, bookcase, bed, dining table, artist's easel, drafting board, desk, ironing board, and love seat. Need money? An official of the United States Geological Survey has announced that everyone's back yard contains more than five tons of uranium waiting to be dug up. Afraid of bees? The Department of Agriculture is breeding gentle bees in pastel shades.

WE are advised that the Newspaper Guild, in submitting a contract to the *Mirror*, proposed as holidays New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas, plus two additional ones, to be selected from the following: Lincoln's Birthday, Good Friday, Easter, Rosh Hashana, Yom Kippur, Passover, and Hearst's Birthday. Labor, it is clear, can be every bit as urbane as capital.

Korean Voices

AT six o'clock last Thursday morning, we stopped in at the studios of the International Broadcasting Division of the State Department, at Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, where the Voice of America originates. We had an appointment to sit in on a thirty-minute Voice of America broadcast to Korea, starting at 6:30 A.M., Eastern Daylight Time, which is 8:30 P.M. in Korea. We were made welcome by Morton Presting, a slender man with a crew haircut, formidable shell-rimmed glasses, and the scarcely less formidable title of Regional Production Supervisor for Far East Broadcasts. Presting told us that before the North Korean invasion the Voice of America program had been heard by practically all South Korean radio listeners. That statistic was not as extraordinary as it sounded, Presting said, since all eleven of the radio stations in South Korea carried the Voice, and Koreans who turned on their radios in the evening were hard put to it to locate any other program. The Voice of America directs a second daily broadcast to South Korea at 5:45 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time, which is 7:45 A.M. the next morning in Korea, but this program has never had much of a following. There's a chronic shortage of power in Korea, and in many parts of the country the electricity isn't turned on that early. The Seoul radio station, HLKA, which has the only powerful transmitter in South Korea, is now, of course, in North Korean hands, but several of the smaller stations are still broadcasting the Voice. The programs are also beamed direct to Korea by American short-wave transmitters in Honolulu and Manila.



Shortly before 6:30, Presting led us into the control room of one of the Voice studios. In the studio itself, two Korean members of the Voice staff, identified by Presting as a Mr. Lee and a Mr. Hyun, were seated before microphones at separate desks. "Those fellows not only do the actual broadcasting but have to translate our news and commentaries into Korean," Presting said. "We have eleven Koreans on the staff, few of them with previous radio experience. We had to scout around for people with good voices who could translate intelligently as well as idiomatically. They aren't easy to find." The program got under way with a passage of transcribed music, and then Hyun, a handsome young man who doesn't look a day over sixteen, started reading the news. Presting handed us an English text, which was written in a matter-of-fact style. At 6:41, Hyun finished reading the news, and Lee began to read a report from Lake Success. We glanced at the English text, which began, "Nearly two weeks have passed since the North Korean Communist forces invaded the Republic of Korea, and here at Lake Success the predominant feeling has been a feeling of confidence and quiet determination." "Not a very live item," Presting said. "Can't have a whizz-bang every day." The report was followed by a transcription in Korean, made at Lake Success, giving a summary of recent United Nations events. At the conclusion of the program, Hyun signed off with what Presting told us was an invitation to

Korean listeners to tune in again the next day, same time, same station.

After the broadcast, we spoke briefly with Hyun and Lee. Hyun's first name is Man-kyu. Lee asked us not to print his first name, since his parents are living in North Korea. "Lee by itself is fine, like Jones or Doe," he said. "My father is in his seventies, and I am his oldest son. That means that I am the most important person in the world to him, but I have not written to him in over two years. I am afraid he might be harmed if I did." Lee and Hyun came here from Korea on the same ship, in September, 1947. Lee joined the Voice of America a few months later, and Hyun signed on last summer, after graduating from Swarthmore. Both men are taking courses in political science, Hyun at Columbia and Lee at N.Y.U. They both learned English in Korean high schools. Korean is written vertically, like Chinese, and in translating English into Korean Hyun and Lee always write, in longhand, on squared paper; this makes it easier to count words and to estimate the time it will take to read a text on the air. In the Korean system of honorific address, there's one form that is considered appropriate for broadcasts. "The form is perfectly neutral," Hyun said. "It is just in the middle between familiarity and politeness."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Oak Room Bar at the Plaza charges eighty-five cents for a Coca-Cola and eighty-five cents for a rum and Coca-Cola.

A tattooing artist near the Brooklyn Navy Yard has embellished his establishment with a sign reading, "The Electric Rembrandt."

Neptune Avenue in Wantagh, Long Island, has been renamed Mermaid Avenue.

Thorough Gentleman

CONTINUING our calls on the city's active octogenarians, we last week sought out Mr. Edward Dinkel, credit manager of the Eagle Pencil Company, eighty-eight last April and now enjoying his seventy-second year with the firm. This may be a local record, or even a national one. Mr. Dinkel was born in Stuttgart and went to school in Fürth, Bavaria, which was the cradle town of the Berolzheimers, the family that founded Eagle—or, rather, its predecessor company, a subsidiary of the Bavarian firm of Berolzheimer & Illfelder—in New York in 1856. In 1878, Mr. Dinkel, lately orphaned, immigrated to this country with a letter from a relative of his to the Berolzheimer who was then head of the company here. He was taken on as an office boy and rented a furnished room near the factory, which is far over toward the river on the lower East Side. We called on him in his ninth-floor office the other day and found him a short, spry, gentle-voiced man with bright-blue, unspectacled eyes, a white mustache, and a shock of white hair. He was wearing a black alpaca coat and a small-patterned tie of heavy silk. "The oyster boats used to dock near Tenth Street," he said, looking out a window that faced the river, "and I'd sometimes trade the fishermen lead pencils for a lunch of oysters. You could also get a fine lunch for twenty-five cents at Mehlbach's, on the present site of Luchow's. Staten Island was a great place for Sunday picnics. The girls would prepare lunch, and we'd bowl in the large beer gardens the breweries had there."

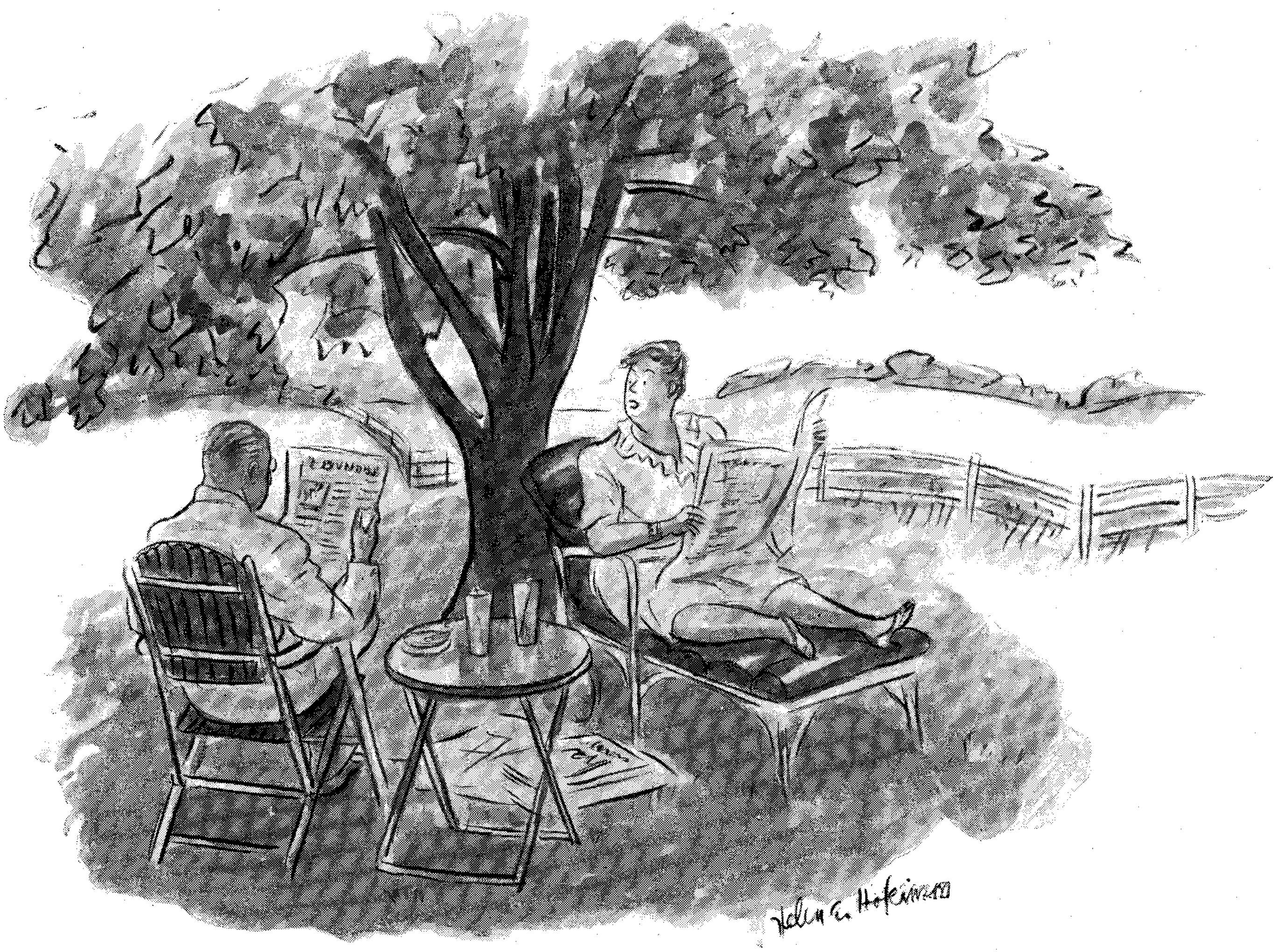
Mr. Dinkel progressed steadily in white-collar work, becoming credit manager in the eighteen-nineties. "Getting a line on customers was difficult in the old days," he recalled. "The risk was terrific. Dun's—now Dun & Bradstreet—was just about the only credit agency, and it originally gave ratings based more on character than on detailed financial performance. Companies used to be sensitive about giving credit information, but they aren't any more. We have a Stationers and Publishers Board of Trade—pencil manufacturers, wholesale paper houses, and the like—which gets together and discusses customers. If a lot of members report that someone is slow pay, you watch that account closely. If they report no pay, you propose cash terms." Eagle has several thousand customers, mostly stationery dealers, and Mr. Dinkel is the final authority on how they are to be handled. He lives in Montclair, with his wife, and spends three hours a day commuting. He rises at quarter to six, takes the 7:12 train to Jersey City, and then gets a tube train into town. On the return trip, he takes the 6:14 from Jersey City. He hasn't missed a day at the office since 1937, when he had an operation, and he hadn't missed many before that. He could, of course, have retired a number of years ago. "But," he pointed out, "when Berolzheimer hired me, he said, 'Do a good job and you'll be here for life,' and I'm holding the family to the bargain." The Eagle company is now in the hands of fourth- and fifth-generation B.s.

We asked Mr. Dinkel whether he has any hobbies, and he looked at us incredulously and exclaimed, "At my age!" We were joined at this moment by A. H. Berwald, the firm's marketing director, who said, "I've been here twenty-five years, and Mr. Dinkel's always been a marvel to me. He has tremendous vitality. He'll walk up eight flights of stairs on a Saturday, when the elevator isn't running, and do a day's work. He knows credits up and down from A to Z. A customer new to the rest of us will come in, and Mr. Dinkel will say, 'Oh, we had that fellow's grandfather back in 1892.' He's tolerant. When a dealer with a good record gets into bad shape and needs a credit extension to go along, Mr. Dinkel will give it to him. And I want to say he's a thorough gentleman. He makes friends even when he has to refuse credit. Credit management is benefited by long-term experience with the people you're doing business with. How could you improve on Mr. Dinkel's experience?"

The object of our visit threw up his hands in embarrassment. "I started to learn English as soon as I came here," he said. "I'd ask for spoiled eggs when I meant boiled eggs. The girls in the factory used to put the baked clay and graphite—there's no lead in a lead pencil, you know—into the wooden grooves by hand, six at a time. Now that's all done by machinery. It's quicker now. Everything's quicker now."

Discretion

WE'VE been told about a man whose left foot developed a sharp pain, and who was recommended to a



"I'll never be able to understand who people like Cyrus Ching are."

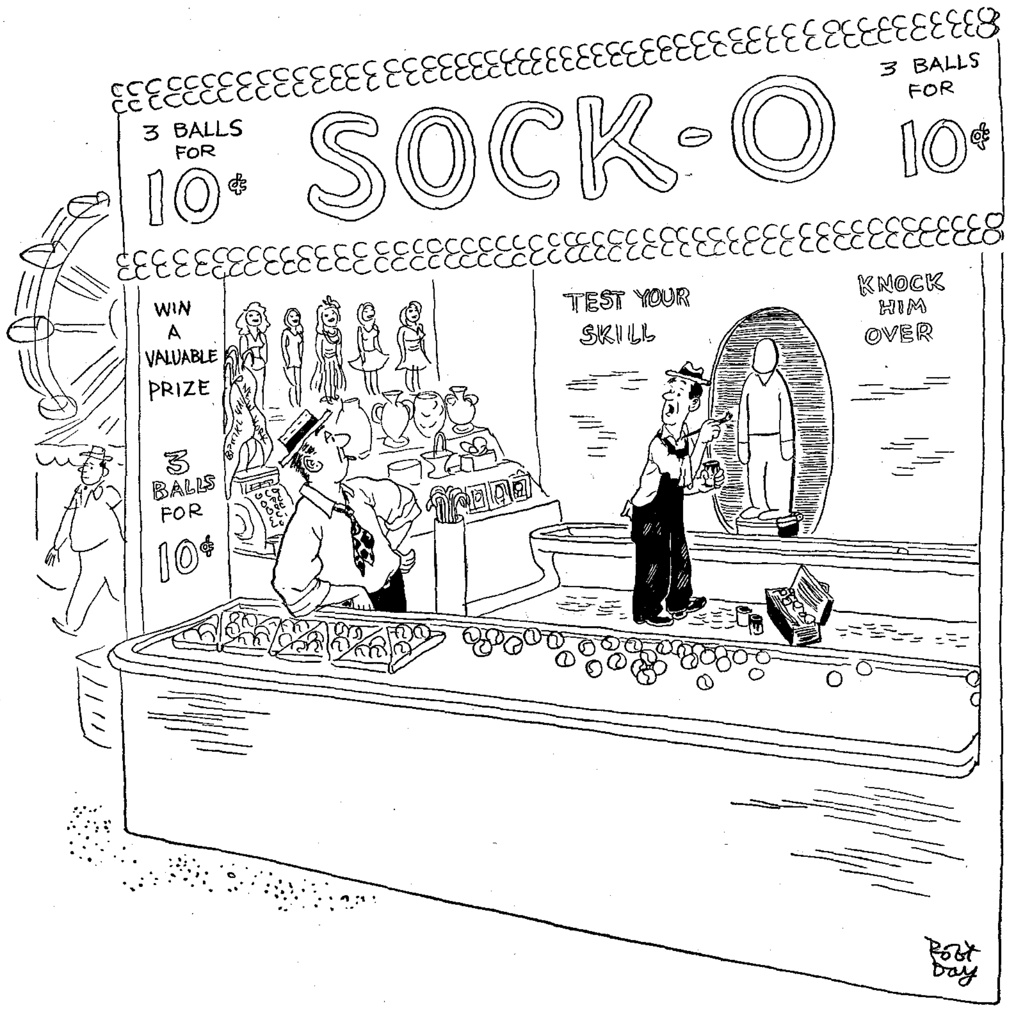
• •

specialist by his family physician. He got to the apartment house in which the specialist has his offices, but by that time he'd forgotten the doctor's name. "Do you know anyone here who's a podiatrist?" he asked the doorman. "Sorry, sir," was the reply. "We never give out our tenants' private business."

No Compromise

WE drove up to the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, in Yonkers, on a recent afternoon, arriving just in time for the final session of a two-day course for flower-show judges, into whose arcane art we hoped to gain some insight. The course was offered by the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, Inc., whose president, Mrs. Charles Hoffman, met us at the door of the Institute's auditorium and told us that nominally the course was for both judges and exhibitors but that actually every one of the forty-two students was a potential horticultural judge—that, in fact, the course bids fair to become a horticultural Harvard Law School, as far as turning out judges is concerned. "In the past, our judging courses took up both flower arrangement and horticulture," Mrs. Hoffman said. "We felt that arrangement was being overstressed, at the expense of horticulture. You can't display flowers well until you've grown them well, or until *somebody* has grown them well, can you? We're continuing with flower-arrangement courses, but this is our first judging course devoted exclusively to horticulture, and we expect it to have a healthy effect on the clubs. There will be three more such courses over the next few years, specializing in the judging of different flower types—roses, chrysanthemums, early spring bulbs, and so forth. Those who pass all four courses will have earned Horticultural Judges' Certificates." Leading us across the auditorium, Mrs. Hoffman told us that there are three hundred and five clubs in the state federation and that each club has at least two shows, requiring three judges each, per year, so the demand for judges is terrific. At the podium, she introduced us to Patrick J. McKenna, Hunter College horticulture instructor, who was conducting the course. Mr. McKenna indicated several flower exhibits on tables around the room and said that they had been arranged by the course committee to test the students, who were to judge them and match their verdicts with his own. "I've deliberately introduced a few inconsistencies and deficiencies to trip up the student judges," he told us, lowering his voice. "For example, don't breathe a word of it, but that third peony over there has extremely poor form."

We sealed our lips, and the class, which was made up entirely of ladies, came to order. Mr. McKenna gave a few instructions before the judging began. "On the roses, the digitalis, and the mixed plants, use the method of judging by affirmation," he said. "That is, just get an over-all impression of excellence or lack of it, based on your



"Say, Joe, what does a North Korean look like?"

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knowledge of horticulture, without applying any specific point system. On the peonies, we'll use the Peony Society scale of points, as follows: color, twenty-five; form, fifteen; size, fifteen; distinctiveness, fifteen; substance, ten; stem, ten; fragrance, ten; total, one hundred. Don't be carried away by that word 'distinctiveness.' Here it means excellence, not queerness. I remember a show of bleeding hearts once where the judges gave the blue ribbon to a great big thing grown in a greenhouse, over several beautiful normal-sized outdoor ones. Well, that just got my Irish up. That blessed plant was overgrown; it was no normal specimen of *Dicentra spectabilis.* All right, judges, proceed to make your decisions, and no collusion, please."

The student judges left their seats and milled around among the test exhibits, sniffing, peering, scribbling on their score sheets, and—there's no use denying it—discussing their opinions to a certain extent. We joined the throng, and a lady, writing on her sheet with intense concentration, bumped into us. "Excuse me," she said. "This is a very crucial moment. I seem to have the pansies and the irises in a dead heat." We said we quite understood. "I'm not giving out a single Honorable Mention," someone else remarked crisply. The judging done, the students returned to their seats to grade their papers by comparing their results with Mr. McKenna's official ones, which he gave after critically examining each flower at arm's length, smelling it, shaking it, and commenting upon it. "Anybody give a ribbon to this?" he asked slyly, taking up the peony he had tipped us off on. A few hands were raised. "Trapped you," said Mr. McKenna. "Stem's much too long for the flower. Very poor form."

Before the session broke up, there was a spirited discussion of whether judges should award only one blue, one red, and one yellow ribbon per show or more than one of each if the entries warrant it. "Some of our clubs have acquired the habit of judging against perfection rather than against competition," Mrs. Hoffman said. "If three or four entries in a show seem to merit blue ribbons, they give three or four. Very frankly, we know it's a custom that the National Council doesn't sanction." "I disapprove," Mr. McKenna said. "Make those ribbons count. Don't hand out blue, red, and yellow ribbons to every Tom, Dick, and Harry." A lady arose to say that whenever shows involved more than one garden club, she had found that if each club didn't win at least one blue ribbon, there were hard feelings. "When a judge begins to compromise," Mr. McKenna said, closing the session on a rising note, "there's no end to it."

Second Sight

LUNCHING at his usual restaurant the other day, a man was served by a new waitress, one with a rich Southern accent. He conversed with her for a bit, then asked her what part of the South she came from. "Kaintuckih," she said. "Ah didn't know you could tell by just lookin'."

Quick-Change Artist

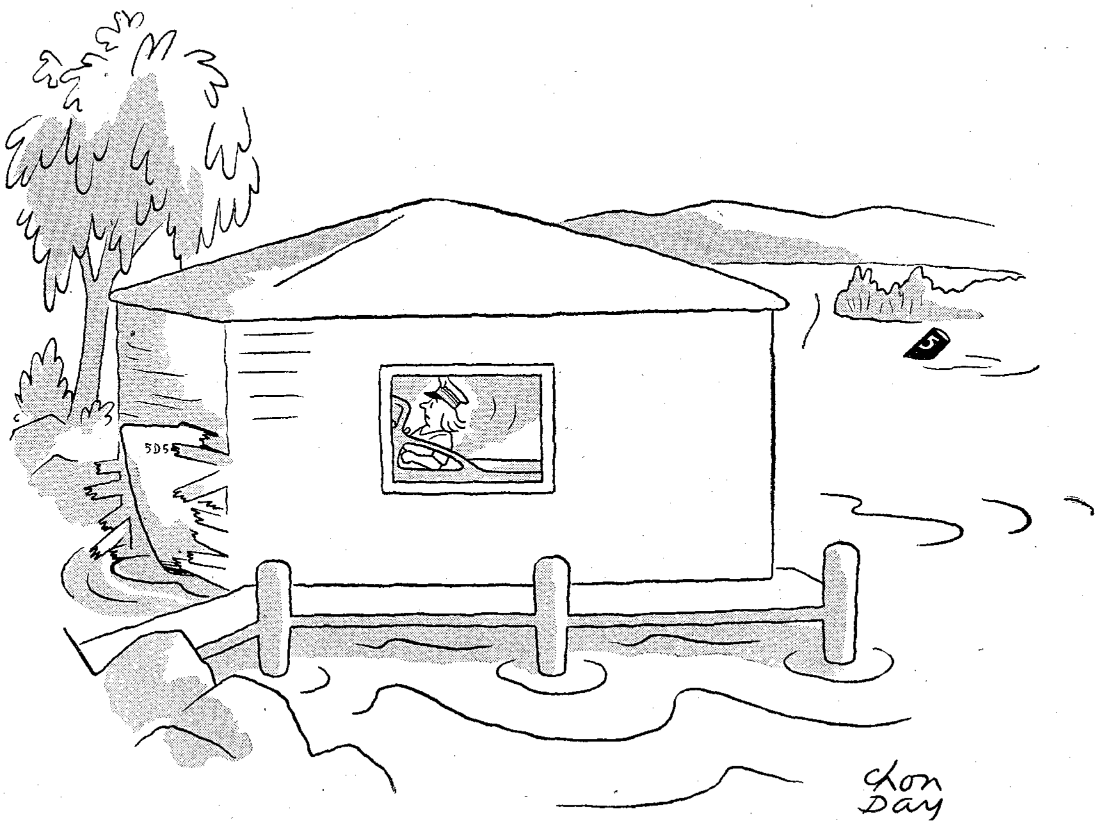
WE had our attention called to an odd situation the other day by a gentleman who became aware of it through an unusual and somewhat trying experience. Business took him to the Union Dime Savings Bank, and as he entered that institution, he had a feeling that a uniformed guard there was highly familiar to him—had the sense that he knew the guard well, saw him frequently, and so on—but, after studying him with furtive glances, he was completely unable to fit him into any mental frame. It was one of those things, and it was on our man's mind on and off all afternoon, as those things will be. One fact he was sure of: He'd never previously seen the guard at the bank; he'd never been in the Union Dime before in his life. Fortunately for our man, the mystery was solved that evening, when, bound home on the 5:07 to Mount Vernon, he looked up from his newspaper and saw the bank guard in the uniform of a New York Central conductor with whom, morning and evening, man and boy, he had ridden for years. He readily got an explanation, and thus he (and we) learned of the dual life of William Hayes, who, year in and year out, probably changes his clothes in line of duty more often than any other man on the Eastern seaboard (except, possibly, actors). He has combined the careers of conductor and bank guard for twenty years.

Mr. Hayes lives in Fleetwood. There, Mondays through Fridays, he rises at 5:45, puts on a business suit, a white shirt, and a conductor's navy-blue tie, breakfasts, dons a soft hat, and catches the 6:54 to Mount Vernon (travelling on his employee's pass). He arrives there at 6:57, goes to his locker in the station, and changes into a conductor's uniform and cap. At 7:26, he calls "All aboard!" and gives the signal for his first train of the day to start for New York. He brings it into Grand Central at 8:06. He thereupon goes to the trainmen's locker room, on the fourth floor of the Terminal, where he keeps a second business suit and a hat, into which he changes. Then he strolls to the Automat near the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, lunches, and proceeds, in due course, to the Union Dime, at Sixth Avenue and Fortieth, arriving around 10:30. There, before a third locker, he changes into a bank guard's dark-blue uniform, gray shirt, and black tie. He is on duty at the Union Dime from 11 until 2:30, when he changes back into his suit, white shirt, and hat: He may put on his conductor's blue tie, if he feels like it, or he may break out one of two or three fancier ties he keeps there. He then walks or, if the day is rainy, takes a bus to Grand Central, where, in an employees' lounge and lunch bar, he has an ice-cream soda, smokes a cigar, reads the papers, and chats with off-duty colleagues. At four o'clock or so, he changes back into his conductor's uniform and switches ties, if he isn't wearing the blue one, and, once more officially accoutred, makes out reports on his ticket and cash collections of the morning. He resumes active conductorhood on the 5:07 train to Mount Vernon, getting there at 5:46. His working day is now over. He changes into the suit he put on when he got up and catches the 5:53 for Fleetwood, arriving at 5:56. A five-minute walk takes him to his apartment, where he exchanges his suit and shoes for an old sports coat, flannels, and sneakers, and eats a supper prepared by Mrs. Hayes. Total changes of clothes: seven, the final one optional. (We omit pajamas at both ends, as routine and not peculiar to Mr. H.)

We obtained the foregoing sartorial data from Mr. Hayes one afternoon last week between 3 and 3:45 at a café called the Old Timers Grill, on East Fortieth Street. Mr. Hayes violated his schedule in order to meet us there. He is a clean-shaven, ruddy-faced man of sixty-five, and he was wearing a gray suit with a blue stripe, a polka-dot tie, and bright-colored Argyle socks. (Neither the New York Central nor the Union Dime cares what socks he wears.) He advised us that he has six business suits in all, and that he was born in Clove, twenty-three miles east of Poughkeepsie, the youngest of eight sons of a Dutchess County iron miner. "In 1895, when I was ten," he said, "Father took over the rural mail route to Verbank, twelve miles away, and a couple of my brothers and I would take turns with him delivering the mail. He'd load me on a horse with the mail sacks strapped on, and I'd take them straight to Verbank, exchange them for others, and deliver on the return trip. I had to stop at fourteen boxes on the way back, but on the trip out I'd go like hell. I can see myself now, jumping on that horse and heading for Verbank!" Hayes' father moved his family to Pawling in 1898 and became a farmer. One of his neighbors was a New York Central official, and when William was fifteen, he got him a job with the railroad as a brakeman. He has been with the line uninterruptedly since then, except for a period of World War I service as a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth Regiment. His bank job dates from 1930, when, finding he had a good deal of time on his hands—his seniority, by then, was such that he was able to pick his present light schedule—he arranged, through a conductor friend, to meet a Union Dime vice-president and successfully solicited his position as guard. "It kind of appealed to me, and it still does," he told us. "A little extra money, something to take up my spare hours. I can't praise it too highly." Mr. Hayes, who keeps rubbers, arctics, and several sweaters in his three lockers, regards his two callings as so similar that they are nowise conducive to a split personality. "I'm always helping the public," he said. "Both jobs call for pretty heavy discipline and courtesy, and both enable me to meet grand people. It just seems as though Lady Luck has been around my shoulders for a long time."

Armistice

THE gunplay of two four-year-old desperadoes came to an abrupt end the other afternoon when one of them, ambushed in a clump of shrubs, emerged with his arms hanging limp at his sides, a revolver dangling from each hand, and said grimly, "Well, Steve, that was *it*." "Yeah," said Steve, pushing back his sombrero and holstering his pair of six-shooters. As they walked off in different directions, the defeated two-gun man called back, "See you as soon as we've had our naps."



MY FATHER, MY MOTHER, THE BUTLER, THE BUILDER, THE POODLE, AND I

THOUGH I read startling pieces in newspapers about the impending Americanization of Britain, I remain seated: I have been through it once already. An early experience has shown me what course it will take. Glad surprise will be followed by some interesting turmoils, turmoils will bring on a state of apathy, and then it will all die down and sink mossily into the English landscape.

I was only ten years old when my father's schoolmastering career in an English public school brought him to the stage where he had to become a housemaster (this meant taking charge of an establishment that housed, fed, and loco-parentised about forty boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen), but I shared in my parents' glad surprise at the amenities of our new residence. The previous housemaster had, I think, visited the United States; at any rate he was conscious of them, for he had imported and installed a great deal of American equipment, which included twenty shower baths. At that date, the English bathed at full length; they warmed themselves before open fires; their staircases were wooden and inflammable; their passages were curly and drafty. But I need not expatiate. These conditions still persist, and bygonely-minded visitors even come to revel in them. Judge, then, how stimulating it was for the Warners to stray from radiator to radiator, to gaze down vistas of shower baths, to bask in warm corridors, and to keep off the besetting dread of fire, which haunts those who have to look after other people's children, by reposing on the thought of the wonderful American fire alarm that the gentleman before my father had recently had put in.

I cannot recall the name of this marvel, but I remember everything else about it. It ran like a vine through the house, with little contraptions in each room, and larger nodal contraptions at strategic points, and was based on the theory that metals expand when sufficiently heated. If fire broke out anywhere, there at its elbow was a little metal tongue, or lappet, or some such, that would expand, and this would send an electric impulse careering along the vine, or break a contact, or something. Anyhow, in the twinkling of an eye very loud gongs, integrated in the nodal contraptions, would begin to sound, and at the same moment a small flap—one of a dozen or so, each representing a region of the house—would fly open, displaying a baleful red eye on the façade of the nodal contraption, which was black and gold, about a foot and a half square, and guarded by a glass door. I hope I have made this clear.

One of these nodal contraptions was in the passage just outside my bedroom, and when we were newly in the house, I used, night after night, to get out of bed and stand watching it, praying in a blasphemous and unwomanly spirit that the gong might begin to sound and the little flap fly open. I had enjoyed this experience in blueprint already, for, naturally, my father had not been able to keep his hands off our marvel and had lit a match under one of the tongues, or lappets, experimentally. The result was wonderful, and I liked it very much, but it was not the real thing. The real thing could not properly take place unless I happened to be observing the nodal contraption when a real fire broke out.

A GOOD deal of the house was old, full of woodwork, and perilous, so this made our fire alarm vitally gratifying, but there was also our American wing, built on by the previous gentleman in a modern and fire-resisting manner. Its stairs were stone, its floors were concrete, except for window frames and doors there was no woodwork about it. And no little coals could jump from the grate and set fire to a hearthrug, because there were no hearths, only radiators. A room that has no chimney, however, is not perfectly ventilated by a window alone. The architect of our American wing had supplied each room with a ventilator, a brick-sized cavity in the wall just above the door, closed on both sides by metal grids. Could providence go further?

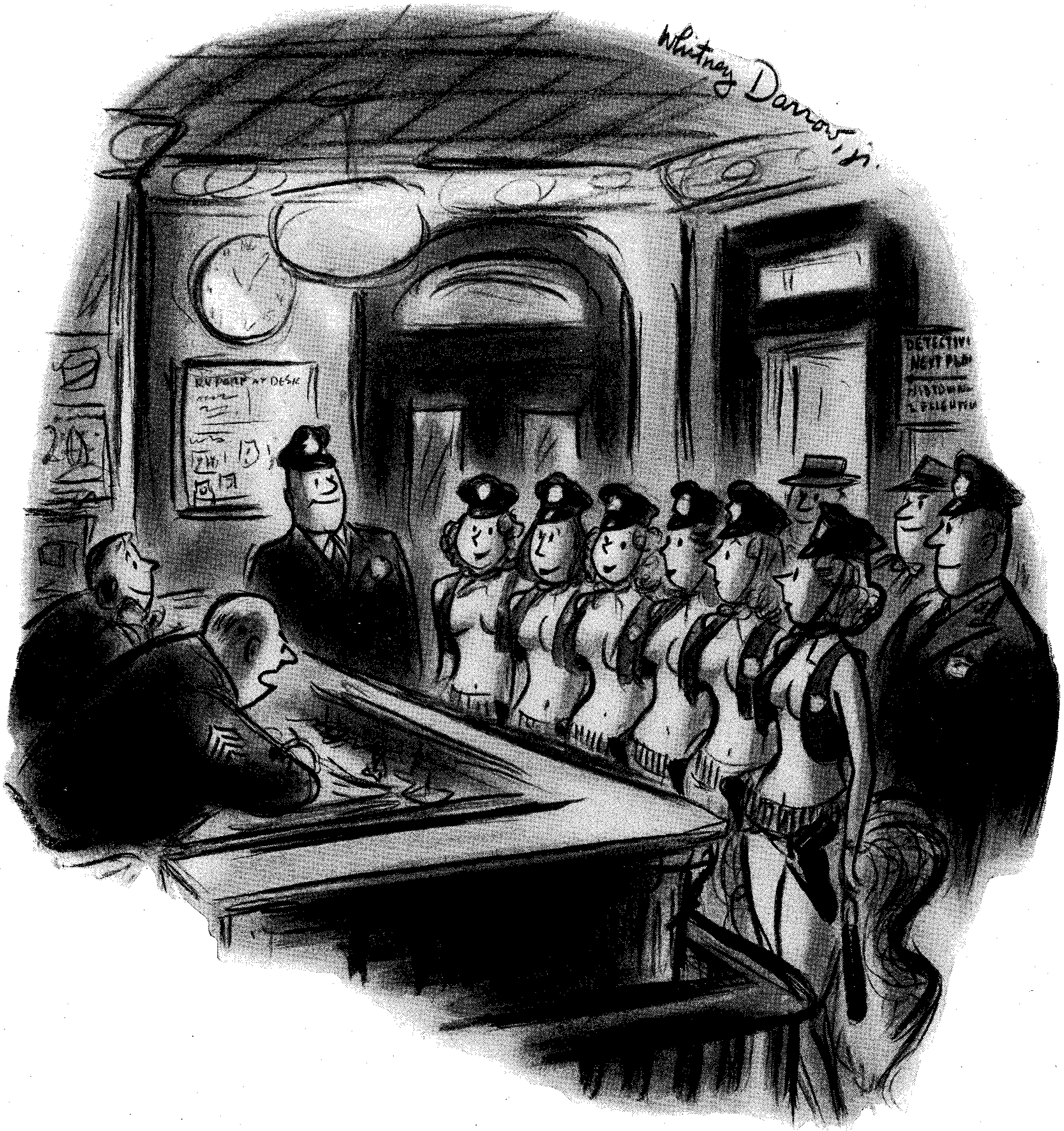
Yet it was in this very American wing that the process of de-Americanization first showed itself as a possibility. In spite of the concrete floors and the faultless ventilation, our American wing began to harbor a smell. It was an odd kind of smell. Sometimes it was here, sometimes there; sometimes you could scarcely detect it, and at other times it was very strong indeed. It was my mother who ran it down. Thinking that a small boy in this wing was looking homesick, she had gone to have a little loco-parentis chat with him, and while gazing around his room for something that might inspire her to further conversation (for he seemed constrained and tongue-tied), she happened to notice a moving obscurity in the ventilator. It was a rat, a pet rat. Its owner, finding that he could not always conveniently carry the rat about on his person, had pecked loose the metal grid of his ventilator and made the rat a nice, safe cage, and this humane scheme had been adopted by other nature lovers in our American wing.

That happened in the summer term. Next term, when the winter was just getting into its stride, the boiler that fed the radiators developed a crack. That would have been nothing out of the common—boilers in schoolhouses are as fragile as butterflies—but this was a peculiar boiler, which had accompanied the radiators from the United States. Mr. Jessop, our builder, plumber, and decorator, reported that its pipes and appurtenances were so germane to it that no mere British boiler could take its place; there was nothing for it but to get a boiler from America. In those days, boilers were not sent about by air. During November and December, the radiators were out of commission, and those who lived in the dowdy section of the house with fireplaces crowed over those who lived in the streamlined luxury of our American wing. Yet those who had fireplaces and crowed had all the usual British coughs and colds, while those who lived in the American wing, freezing between their windows and their ventilators, did not raise one cold among them, which seems to indicate that the American way of life is health-promoting, provided it breaks down.

Then the new boiler came, and that is all about the radiators, except that you could get electric shocks off them whenever the house was as much as grazed by lightning.

WE lived in a thunderstorm locality, but there was no thunder in the air, there was nothing but a steady downpour of soothing summer rain, on that afternoon when our fire alarm first went into action. Fire drill was promptly carried out, just as in rehearsals. Indeed, everything went off perfectly until it came to finding the fire. In the region indicated by the small flap and the red eye, there was no fire and nothing like one.

The voice of the gong continued its warning note and sounded so exactly like the voice of truth that the search was extended. The house was quite a fair



"You are charged with disorderly conduct, indecent exposure, and impersonating an officer."

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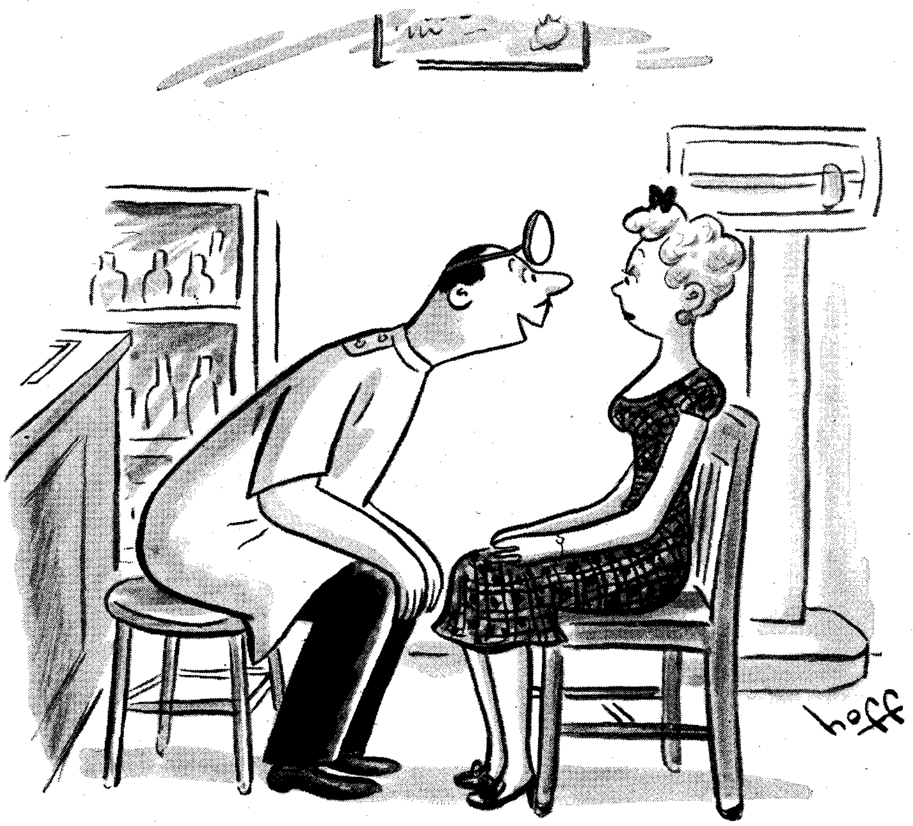
size; there were about seventy rooms in it. My father, my mother, the butler, Mr. Jessop (who had been called in earlier to stop a leak in the scullery), the poodle, and I ran up and down the house, looking everywhere for the fire, while the gong sounded, and the rain beat, and the flood rose steadily in the scullery, and the boys and the servants, standing in their patient, fire-drilled ranks in the road, became increasingly wet and hungry and disillusioned. And then the gonging ceased, and we were left listening to the patter of raindrops and our own exhausted breathing. On the morrow, an expert on fire alarms came down from London and tested ours. It was found to be in perfect working order.

So the next time it went off, we took its word for it. Fire drill was carried out, the fire was systematically sought for—first where it should have been, then everywhere else. Again there was no fire.

This was mortifying, and after our fire alarm's third attempt, which took place at 5 A.M. during a thunderstorm, my father said to the expert, who had again come down from London, tested it, and found nothing wrong with it, that if this sort of thing kept on, he would have the fire alarm taken out and buy a rain gauge, adding, since the expert looked baffled, that a rain gauge does its work modestly, without beating on a tom-tom like an African savage taking part in a rain ceremony.

"Do I understand that your alarm



"Has anyone ever told you you have lovely eyes, ears, nose, and throat, Miss Madwick?"

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has tended to function in rainy weather?" the expert asked.

"It has so far," said my father.

The expert gave a sigh of relief and said it must have got wet.

Science is always soothing. When the expert had demonstrated to my father that a drop of rain falling on a sensitive place in the vine would cause a temporary short circuit, and that a short circuit would act just as efficaciously on the mechanism as an outbreak of fire, he took up his hat and his little bag and prepared to go away, like an angel whose task is done. "It is simply a matter of keeping the apparatus dry," he said. "If rain seems likely, it would be advisable to close the windows."

My mother, who had been pawing the air during this conversation, now said, with simple sarcasm, "I suppose it never rains in America." The expert patiently explained that the climate of the United States was calmed and regularized by being a continental climate, and added that the American style of building was better designed for keeping rain out.

That evening, my father announced that the fire alarm's alarms were to be disregarded and that the signal for fire drill would, in future, be given by the blowing of whistles. Thereafter, whenever we heard the familiar note of the gong, we just glanced out of the nearest window to see if it was raining. Duly, it always was.

ONE fine afternoon, some years later, we heard the town fire bell begin to ring, and presently the town fire engine came snorting down the street and drew up outside. It was Mr. Jessop's shed that was on fire. This was next door to our house, an ideal arrangement whenever we had to get hold of Mr. Jessop but not so ideal now, as the shed was full of paintpots and timber and turpentine. There was no disillusioned lethargy about this fire drill. The noncombatants filed out as though to the circus, and as soon as I could elude my mother's injunctions about controlling the poodle, I followed them. By now the shed was gloriously alight. Long tongues of fire streaked up our side wall, and one of the hose gangs was told off to keep it sprayed. It was a wonderful experience while it lasted, with steam hissing and paintpots exploding, and my father and the butler leaning out of windows to shout down the latest reports of how hot our wall was getting on the inner side and being extinguished with jets from the hose, and the leader of the fire brigade saying never fear, he would save us yet, and the whistle-blown, fire-drilled ranks of boys standing in the road and enjoying themselves as they had never had an opportunity to do before; and it was not too bad for Mr. Jessop, either, who had been meaning for years to get around to building a new shed and now would have the insurance money to pay for it.

In the end the fire was got under. Everything suddenly became obtrusively wet and dirty. My father and the butler came out reporting that our wall was now nice and cool again, and my father began tipping the hose gang who had looked after it. It was at that moment of relief and felicitation that our fire alarm went off, resounding through the empty house. A last whisk of the hose, lightheartedly spraying the side wall, had gone in through one of the windows and found a sensitive spot on the vine. My father, a man who kept a strong temper under strong control, said in an undertone to the butler, "Sherwood, go in and put a stop to that thing. Take a hatchet to it, if need be." And Sherwood, borrowing a hatchet from a fireman, gladly obeyed.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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THE COW

Enthroned in quiet simplicity, the cow
Holds court to little birds that strut around
In nervous reverence, and pause to bow
Before they tug their luncheon from the ground.

Above, the splendid canopy of leaves
Protects her from the disrespectful sun;
The caterpillars clamber on its eaves,
And on silk threads the servile spiders run.

The cautious squirrels, wrapped round in cozy fur,
Peer at her shyly round the toadstool's rim,
And grasshoppers, devoutly facing her,
Set up a patriotic noontide hymn,

While she, in spotted calm, sedately lies
With sweet contentment in her queenly eyes.

—R. P. Lister

LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL

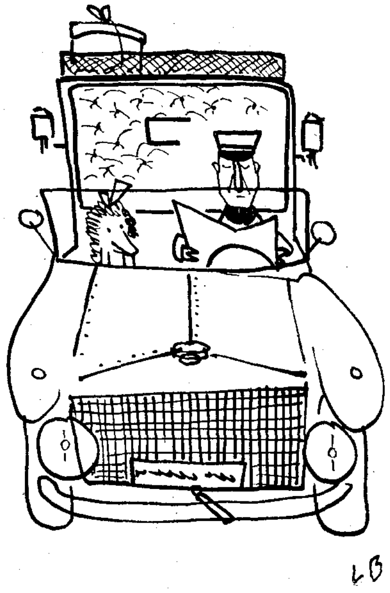
ALICE and Max split up in the spring. More exactly, she left him. They were up all night fighting, and when the sky lightened, she packed a bag and left. Max sat in the easy chair, drumming on the arms with his fingers, listening to her bag bump down the stairs, and hearing the door close with a soft, deep thud. She went to live with her mother in Paterson, a few miles away, and two days later, while he was at work, she came back and took away the rest of her things.

At the end of the month, he gave up the apartment that had contained the three years of their marriage, and was lucky enough to find a room back at Mrs. Beaseley's. It was not as nice as his old room, but Mrs. Beaseley promised him first choice if someone moved out. He continued to work at the electric company, accepting payment of electric bills and making out receipts, and at night he usually ate his dinner at the corner drugstore and either saw a movie or went back to his room and lay on the bed, reading a newspaper or tasting the sour regurgitation of his day's experience.

He got together with a few friends from time to time—bachelors or men who, like him, were separated from their wives. They drank beer and played poker or just talked; they discussed baseball, Dorothy Lamour, and the menace of Communism. Occasionally, he would have a date, perhaps with someone's unmarried sister or with a girl who worked in a friend's office. They were all nice girls, agreeable and nice, but he could find no pleasure in them. He would take them to the movies once or twice, stopping for a cup of coffee on the way home, and then never call them again. Mrs. Beaseley would say, "There's a message for you, Max—a Miss Hoffmann," and he would nod, remembering Miss Hoffmann, and go up to his room without calling her. They were all the same, somehow, and often when he was out with one of them he would even forget he was with a girl. "Thinking?" she would ask, and he would say "Yes," and then there would be a stiff silence while she fidgeted with the handle of her pocketbook or turned a ring on her finger.

Women irritated him because they were not Alice—because they resembled her and yet were different, or because they were women without being like her at all. His thoughts returned to her always, like shallow streams wandering, with seeming aimlessness, through a marshy field to join, inevitably, in a single pool. When a woman paid her electric bill, he would see the toaster that had used the current, and the woman in the kitchen making her husband's breakfast toast. She would be wearing a yellow wrapper, like Alice's, and her hair would be loose on her shoulders, like Alice's hair. And then she would be Alice, his wife, and he would run back through the empty rooms of his marriage, searching them with a hopeless and confused intensity, like a child sent to the cellar to find some object he has never seen. He would seek for the key, the answer, the place where things went wrong, the secret of her discontent, and find only the repeated proof of his love. He had been really crazy about her. He had been interested in everything she did and said and thought. He had made her give up her job, so she could take it easy at home, and if she was out when he came back from work, he was lonesome and ill at ease till she returned.

There were times when, looking up from his receipts, he would catch the glint of reddish-brown hair across the office and his blood would seem to thicken, until he saw that the face that went with the hair was not Alice's. She never got in touch with him herself, but after a month or so a process server brought him a legal paper that said she was instituting divorce proceedings and later a lawyer sent him another saying that they were divorced and that she could use her maiden name. He thought she would call or write sometime; he thought she would see the illogic of their separation—but she never did.



WHEN three more months had gone by, Max got up one Sunday, put on his good suit, and took the bus to Paterson. He had always disliked Mrs. Howard, but when he saw her face at the door, he smiled with pleasure.

"Max!" she said. "What are you doing here?"

She moved aside to let him pass, and he took his hat off and stepped inside, into the front room. "I came to find out how Alice was," he said. "I wondered how she was getting along."

"She's not up yet," said Mrs. Howard. She faced him warily, still standing at the open door.

"I guess I'm early," he said. He felt a strong sense of relief at the knowledge that Alice was really here with her mother, in the same house with him. He put his hat on the davenport and sat down in an easy chair. "I'll just wait till she wakes up," he said. "Don't wake her. I'll wait." He picked up the Sunday paper and began to read the sports section. Mrs. Howard shut the door and watched him for a moment, and then went to the kitchen.

After a while, he put down the paper and went through the dining room to the kitchen door. Mrs. Howard was at the kitchen sink, shelling peas. "Well, how is Alice?" he asked.

Mrs. Howard looked at him out of the corners of her eyes, without turning her head. "She's all right."

"That's good," said Max. He lit a cigarette. "She working?"

"Yes, she has a job," said Mrs. Howard.

"Did she go back to the Mary-Ella Salon?" he asked.

Mrs. Howard put aside her bowl of shelled peas and rubbed her hands together. "Excuse me, Max," she said. "I have to wash my stockings."

She went into the hall off which the bedrooms and the bathroom opened, and a moment later Max heard her shut the bathroom door. Max returned to the front room and stood looking out the window. Across the street, a man in shorts was mowing his lawn. Max watched him move around an ever diminishing square till he finished it off at the very center. Then he got down on his knees and began to trim the edge of the lawn with grass shears. Behind Max, the door to the hall opened. Alice was there. She stood in the doorway in her yellow wrapper, her reddish hair mussed from sleeping, her eyes a little puffy, looking the way she had looked every morning of their marriage. "Hello, Alice," he said.

She raised a hand to push back her hair. "Hello," she said.

He took a step toward her. "How are

you, Alice?" he said. "I see you're fine."

"What do you want?"

"Wanted to say hello," he said. "See how you were getting along."

"I'm all right," she said.

"So I see. You back in your old job?"

"Yes."

"I'm still in the same old job," he said.

They stood and looked at each other. "Alice," he said, "I wondered did you change your mind."

"No," she said. She pulled her wrapper more tightly around her. "I told you I wouldn't. I won't, either."

"Oh," he said. "Well, I just wondered." He looked around for his hat, saw it, and picked it up. "Well, goodbye, Alice."

"Goodbye," she said.

She stood in the hall door until he had gone.

MAX went back to his room. She wasn't any different from the way she'd been when she left, and yet he derived a deep satisfaction from his visit. Now he had a picture of her in his mind, and he could look at it and study it from a hundred different angles. She had looked well but tired. She probably worked hard. It was Sunday morning, so she must have been out the night before—with some girl friends, maybe.

He thought of her often, standing there in the hall doorway. A month later, he went back. This time, Mrs. Howard was not so surprised. "You again," she said.

"Yes," he said. He waited in the front room for Alice to wake up, and when she came out, in the yellow wrapper, he stood and talked to her for a few minutes, asking her about herself. She said she was all right, that she was doing all right in her job, and that she felt good.

"Aren't you taking on a little weight?" he asked.

"Maybe a little," she said.

"About ten pounds?"

"Five," she said. "Go away, Max."

"I'm just going," he said. "Goodbye, Alice."

She didn't say goodbye.

All through the rest of that fall and winter, he went to see her every couple of months. Between times, he would ask himself, "What's the good? She doesn't even want to see me." But every so often he would feel an irresistible urge to go back. He would ride over to Paterson in the bus, they would talk for a few minutes, and he would go away again. By early spring, he thought she seemed less distant. She would stand talking to him like a schoolgirl being interviewed by a principal, knowing it would soon be over and that it was not necessary to pay attention to what was being said, merely to live until it was finished. Then, late in May, she said, "Max, don't come back. It's no use."

"No?" he asked.

"No," she said. "No use at all."

But we were married, he thought as he rode home. We were married three years—four, it would be now. And by the end of the week the nagging feeling had started again. For several Sundays after that, he would lie in bed and think, I won't go. She said it was no use. She told me to stay away. Finally, he would get dressed and walk up and down his room thinking, I won't go, I won't—until it was time for the matinée at the movies. Then, one Sunday, he went down to the bus stop and stood there for a while. He let three buses go by, but the fourth he took.

HE arrived at Mrs. Howard's later than usual, and Alice came to the door herself. She had on her stockings and shoes, and he knew that under the wrapper she was wearing her girdle. Her face fell when she saw him. "Oh, Max," she said. "Max, what do you want to come here for?"

"I came to say hello," he said.

She looked sadly at his face. "Hello," she said. "Hello, Max."

"It's a long ride in the bus," he said.

She went back into the house, leaving the door open for him. He went in and closed it carefully behind him. "Where's your mother?" he asked.

Alice put a hand on her forehead, smoothing the wrinkle between her brows. "Mama's taking a bath," she said. "Max, I'm busy. I'm getting dressed to go out."

"With who?" he asked.

"What's it to you, with who?" she said.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Is it wrong to ask a civil question?"

The doorbell rang, and she pursed her lips and went to open the door. A man came in and saw Max and stopped. He was tall, with straight hair and light-gray slacks. Alice looked from one man to the other. "Lennie," she said, "this is Max."

"Max," said Lennie. He put out his hand. "Well, I'm pleased—"

Max sat down. He found he was trembling, and he was afraid they would notice. Lennie took back his hand and put it in his pocket. "Well . . ." he said, at last, uncertainly.

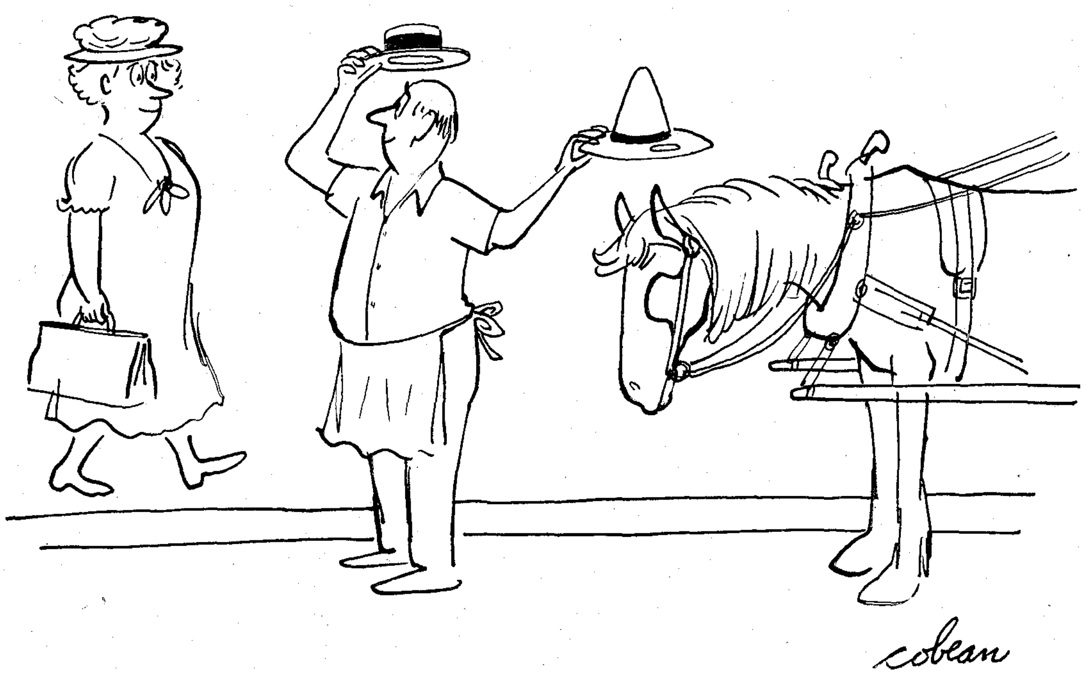
"Max," said Alice, "now would you please go away?"

Max only looked at her without speaking.

Lennie stepped forward and cleared his throat. "Now I know who you are," he said. "Alice told me all about you. But we have a date. Our friends are waiting—"

"Max, please," said Alice. "Simply go away now." Her voice rose a little. "Why can't you simply go away?"

"Now, honey," Lennie



said, "run along inside and start to get—"

Max stood up. "Don't you tell her what to do!" he shouted.

Lennie stared at him in astonishment.

"There's no other man going to tell her what to do!" said Max.

"You see, Lennie?" said Alice. "You see what I was saying?"

"Max," said Lennie. "Max, listen to me. You got no claims on Alice."

Max reached for his voice and found it. "My wife, and he says—"

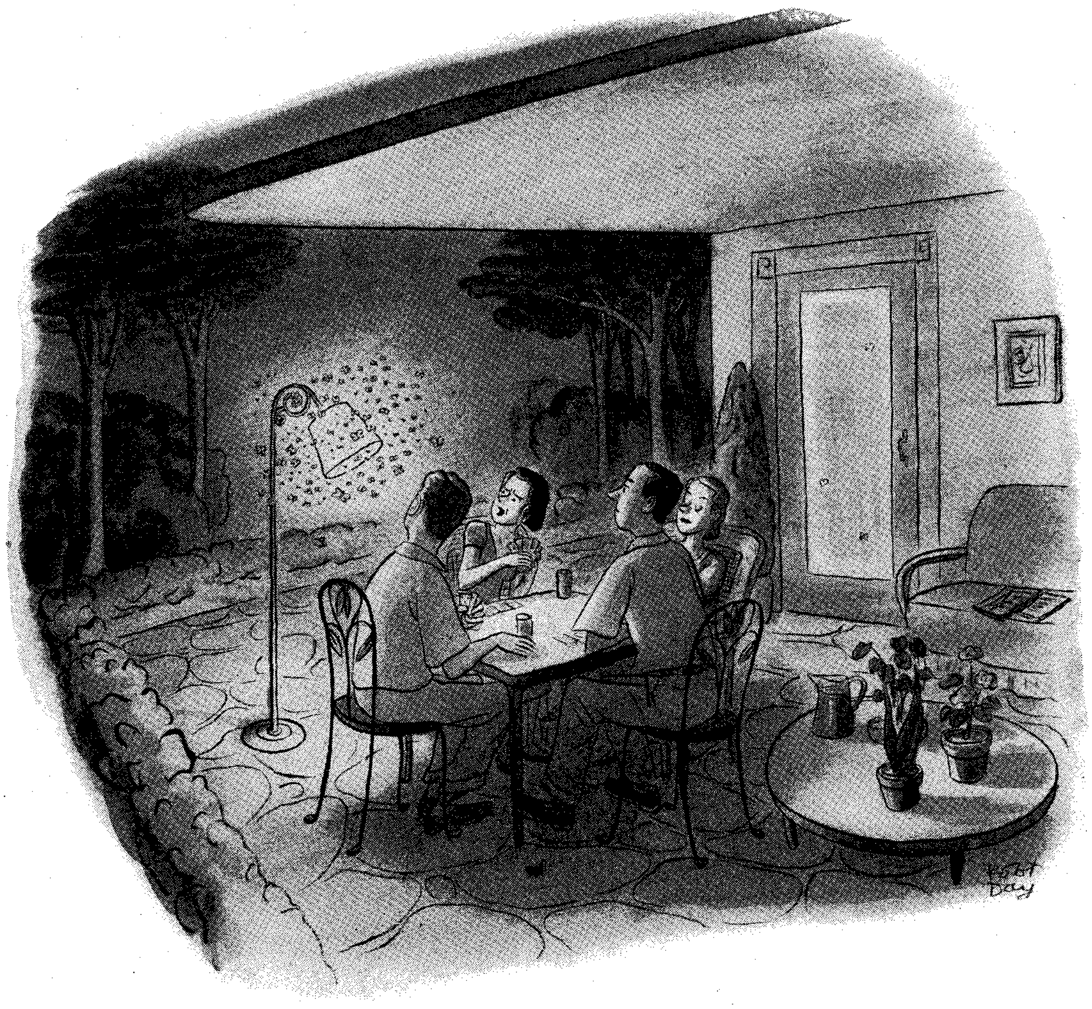
"Listen to me, Max," said Lennie, softly. "She isn't your wife any more. You know that, don't you? And even when you're married to a woman, it's a two-way thing. It isn't belonging—"

"I told him," said Alice. She turned away and spoke toward the window, in a low, tight voice. "I always said, 'I'm not a dog, to put on a leash and take for a walk and bark for a dog biscuit. I have to make up my own mind sometimes about something, what to have for breakfast—*something*.' "

"And now you aren't even married," said Lennie. "She isn't even your wife. What happens between her and me is between her and me—not you."

Alice looked at Lennie, and he looked at her. Max looked at the two of them, and then his glance went flicking away, dropping from their faces to Lennie's tie, to her hands, holding the wrapper around her, to Lennie's shoes, and off to the claw feet of the easy chair, like a boy hopping from rock to rock down the side of a hill. "It was always lock, stock, and barrel," said Alice to Lennie. "Not an hour, not a thought . . . I told him. I told him."

They watched Max take up his hat, rub it with his sleeve, and put it on. He opened the door and went out.



"What gets me is if they like light so much, why don't they come out in the daytime?"

THE day was bright and clear. Max walked to the bus stop and stood on the curb. When the bus came up, he looked blindly at the driver until the driver touched the switch and the door closed, with a sigh, and the bus pulled heavily away. Several buses stopped for Max, but he let them all go on and finally he began to walk. Pretty soon, he came to a bar, and he went in and sat down on a stool at the far end.

It was dim and cool, and there was a sweet, heavy smell of beer. He sat alone drinking rye and staring at the bright rectangle of the door. From time to time, people came in, sat at the bar for a while, and went away. The bartender wiped the bar in semicircles with his towel, back and forth, like a windshield wiper. Whenever Max finished a drink, he pushed his glass and some money toward the bartender, and the bartender refilled the glass and rang up the money on the register. Sometimes someone played a record on the juke box. Finally, when he pushed his glass forward, the bartender leaned toward him confidentially. "Don't you want to lay off?" he asked.

Hurt, Max slid from his stool and found, to his surprise, that his legs were unsteady. They refused to do what he wanted them to do. On his way out, he stumbled and half fell against a man sitting at the bar. The man turned and seized him, holding him up, and as he felt himself supported by the man, he began to cry. Tears filled his eyes, and sobs shook him, and he heard himself making a sound like a child crying, like himself as a boy.

The man helped him to a table, and he sat at the table and cried. When the bartender brought him coffee, he pushed it away, and it spilled. "Like a dog," Max said, turning his wet face up to the bartender. "I ever treat her like a dog?"

"You never did," the bartender said. "Never."

"Couldn't love a woman more than I loved her. Couldn't treat a woman better." Max's voice caught in a deep sob. "And now *he* can tell her what to do. *My* wife."

He stood up, leaning heavily on the table, and started out to the street.

—WILMA SHORE

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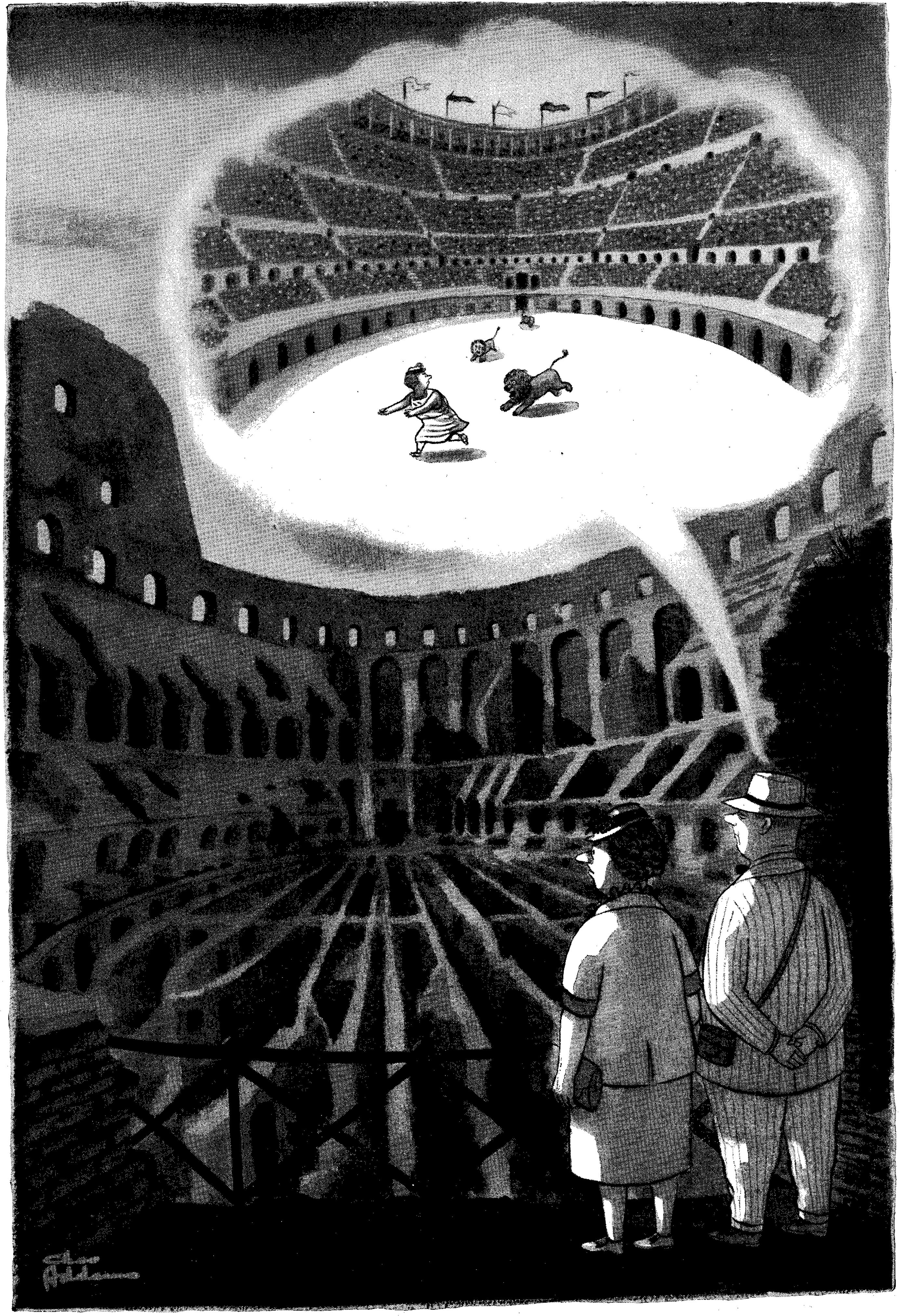
He is very much interested in finding a writer to do the screen play of John Gunther's "Lead Kindly Light". . .—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

Has he considered Vincent Sheean?


Chas Addams

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CLASS REUNION

MANY a time since I came to America from my native Czechoslovakia, twelve years ago, I have listened with envy to my American-born friends talking of their class reunions, alumni gatherings, and similar nostalgic occasions that are intended to bring back the happier days of their youth. In Westwood Village, a suburb of Los Angeles, where I lived for several years, the annual homecoming celebration on the campus of the University of California was one of the biggest events. Watching the exuberant goings on, I couldn't help wishing for a homecoming of my own class—the class, to be precise, of 1924. There were thirty-nine of us, thirty-five boys and four girls, at the *Gymnasium*, as the combination secondary school and junior college in my home town of Moravská Ostrava was called. Even now, after all these years, if you were to wake me up in the middle of the night and ask me for it, I could recite the list of my classmates, from "Abrahamer, Baumann, Biehlohlavek" to "Wechsberg, Wičerek, Zunn," as well as the lineup of the class's first-string soccer team, of which I was a member.

It took eight years to get through the involved curriculum of the *Gymnasium*, which included Greek, Latin, zoology, philosophy, and chemistry, and the boys and girls of our class came to know one another pretty well. Our class was a fair cross-section of the extravagantly mixed national, racial, and religious groups in the southeastern corner of Central Europe. My classmates were of Czech, German, Sudeten German, Austrian, Polish, Slovak, Hungarian, Yugoslav, Russian, Rumanian, or Italian descent. There were Catholics, Protestants, Jews, members of the Czechoslovak Church and the Greek Orthodox Church, and one boy whose parents had told him to call himself an atheist. (Once a week, while we were having two hours of religious instruction, directed by teachers of our respective faiths, the atheist would go to a nearby coffeehouse of doubtful reputation, where he attained some proficiency at billiards and got his primary education in the subject of commercial love. He was a generous boy, and would report on his experiences to the other members of the class at the end of each religious period.) The class ran the gamut from wealth to poverty. Yet, in spite of all these divergencies, we displayed a fine esprit de corps, and the Moravská Ostrava soccer championship, which our class team won three years in succession, was considered far more important than any racial, religious, or political issue. We had our arguments, but they didn't really divide us. School in Europe has always meant much more discipline and much less fun than it has in America, and our class presented a solid, united front against the unfortunate faculty. The honor system was unknown, and it was considered smart to cheat, use cribs, and break into the conference room at night to copy the questions for the next day's exams. One of my happiest memories is of the big party that followed our graduation exercises, in June, 1924, which started, as was customary, with the performance of satirical playlets, deteriorated temporarily into near-violence when two boys, who had had too much to drink, told the assembled teachers what they had thought of them for the better part of eight years, and ended in a flow of maudlin sentimentality as everybody solemnly vowed to meet again in ten and twenty years.

But in 1934 my classmates were already spread all over the globe, and in 1944 most of us didn't even know whether any of the others were still alive. When I went back to my native land in 1945, I tried to find my classmates. At the time, there were only four in the country, as far as I could determine. I met with two of them, and we decided to try to get in touch with the rest of the class and arrange a reunion in Prague on some future anniversary of our graduation party. As things turned out, we kept up a busy and world-wide correspondence for the next five years and in the course of it we settled on 1950 as the year for our reunion. This spring, when I was again in Prague, we added up the score. Of the thirty-nine members of our class, five, we found, were now living in Czechoslovakia, three in England, two in the United States, two in Germany, and one each in Palestine, China, Australia, and Russia; we could account for a total of only sixteen of the thirty-nine. It would be a sad percentage for an American class of '24, but it was not a surprising one for that specific class in that specific part of the world.

When I first discussed the reunion with my classmates in Prague, they were very excited about the idea, but as June, 1950, drew closer, I could see that I was the only person who really looked forward to it. Those who were living in other countries had written that they couldn't come to Prague. And those who were already in Prague were no longer keen about meeting. It wasn't difficult to guess the reasons for this indifference, but I didn't entirely comprehend it until I arrived in Prague, early this June, and talked with a classmate whom I shall call Leo. (I shall not use the actual names of my classmates.) Leo had been an enthusiastic advocate of the project, but now he acted as if he hated to go through with it.

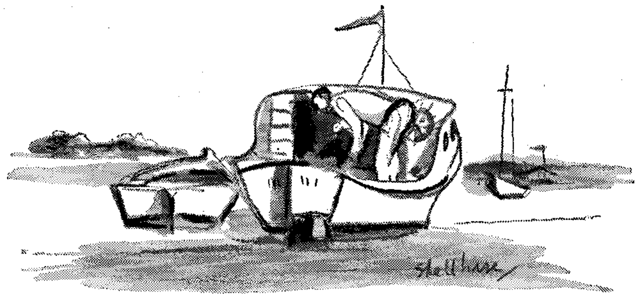
"Where are we going to meet?" he asked me, in an unhappy tone.

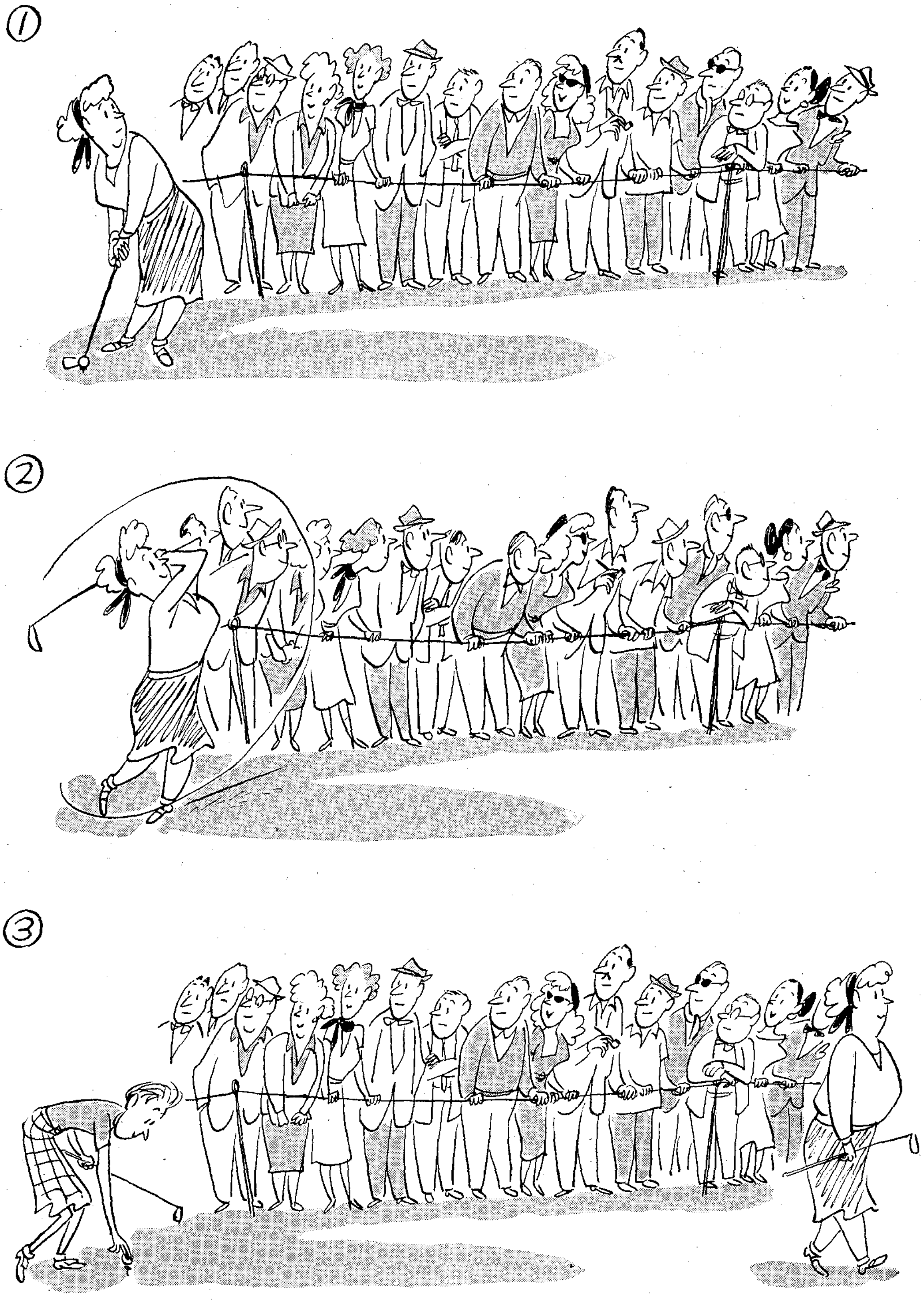
"Why, anywhere," I said. "In somebody's house. In a restaurant. In a hotel."

Leo gave me a long look. I knew what was on his mind. A lot of people in Prague had been staring at me in that strange, thoughtful, slightly ironic way when I said something foolish, something only a man who had been away so long that he had lost touch would say. It made me realize that I was an outsider—that I no longer understood those people who once had been my people. "A few things have happened in this country since you were last here," Leo said. He spoke slowly and softly, but with a certain emphasis, as if he were trying to explain a problem he felt I might not grasp. Leo is a prominent surgeon now; he made me feel like one of his patients.

"I know," I said. "But we don't have to discuss politics. We never used to have any serious quarrels, so why can't we just forget politics for one night and be the way we used to be?"

"Of the six of us who will be there, Honza and Manek are members of the Party," Leo said. "Pavel and I have never made a secret of our anti-Communist convictions. Otto, if you remember, never had any opinions and still hasn't any. And you are an American—





something of a public enemy." He shrugged. "I figure Honza and Manek won't be too happy to be seen with us in public. Don't blame them. Everybody is being watched nowadays. One can't be too careful."

"But that's ridiculous," I said. "Why can't we all get together for an evening, for old times' sake? In America—"

"In America," Leo interrupted, with a smile, "everything is different. You know that. Why don't you call the others up and talk to them yourself?"

I strongly suspected that Leo was right, and by the next afternoon, having made a few exasperating phone calls, I was sure. Honza, now a general manager in a nationalized industry, and Manek, a newspaper editor, were lukewarm about the reunion. They said they would under no circumstances go to Leo's house, and they didn't want to come to my hotel. We finally agreed to meet at the Barrandov, a fashionable restaurant on a hill overlooking Prague and the Vltava River, which had always been a favorite hangout of the well-to-do.

ON the evening of the reunion, I reached the restaurant half an hour before the appointed time; I wanted to be alone there for a while and remember it as it used to be. In the old days, the Barrandov was famous for its food, its service, its music, and its clientele. It had been nice to sit in the garden on a warm summer night; it was always cool there, even when the city was steaming hot. The air had been filled with sweet sounds: the music of the band on the dance floor (it played a great many American tunes), the fainter music of radios and gramophones in the nearby villas, the whistles of the trains and the chimes of the trolley cars from across the river, and, from the riverbanks, where groups of young people used to camp out, the shimmery singing of sentimental Czech folk songs. I remembered the small fires along the river, and picnickers roasting sausages and drinking beer. There had been the scent of lime blossoms, and a fine mist rose from the river, and through the mist you could see the dim lights of Prague. Now, as I sat down at a vacant table to wait for my friends, I thought I could smell the lime blossoms. The sounds, however, were different. There was no singing. Somewhere a radio was blaring a propaganda speech. The band on the dance floor was playing, instead of American tunes, a selection of dreary local hit songs. Only a few of the tables were occupied, and the waiters, standing around in frayed, shiny tuxedos, looked sullen. A number of the male guests seemed to be black-marketeers, and the women with them were loud and overdressed. There were some Party functionaries in dark shirts and unpressed suits, which have become the semi-official costume in Prague. They wore two-day beards. Frequent shaving is now frowned upon as a mark of "Western decadence," and in many business offices clean-shaven employees are considered reactionaries. It was a depressing sight, and I felt lonely and out of place.

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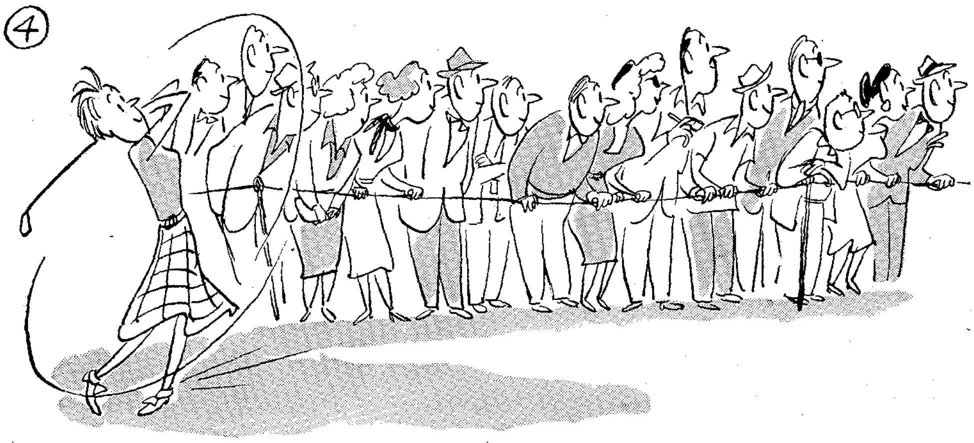

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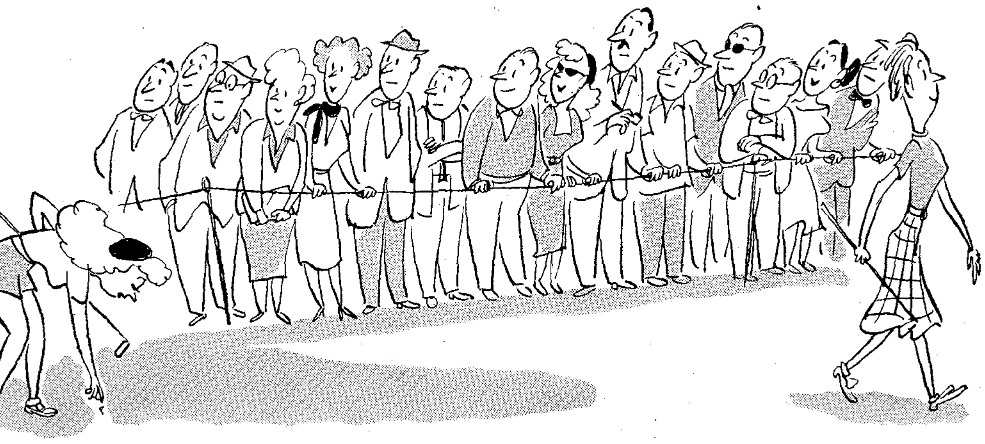

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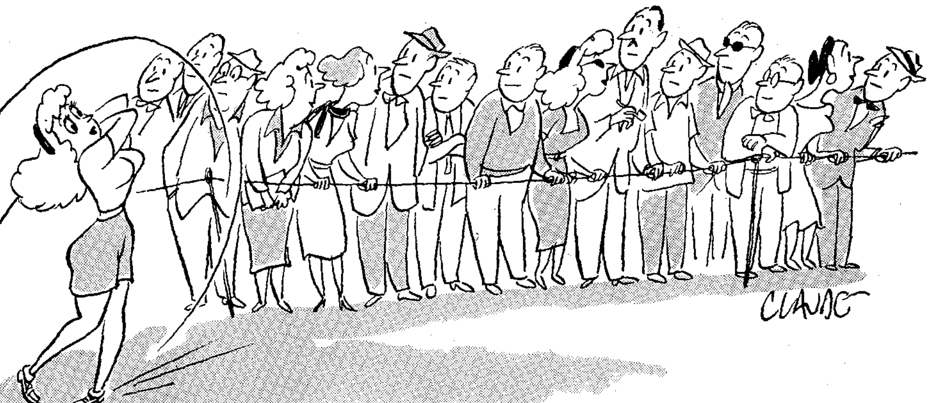

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When Pavel arrived, I grew more cheerful. We shook hands and complimented each other on not having changed much, but of course we had both changed a good deal. Pavel is now a shopkeeper. He had been the laziest boy in the class, but on the soccer field had been one of our fastest outside lefts. He hardly ever arrived in time for the day's first class, which started at five minutes past eight, and when he did show up, the rest of us, delighted and fascinated, would sit back and wait for him to present his latest excuse for his tardiness. Pavel never ran out of excuses. He would invent traffic accidents with impossibly gruesome details or describe sicknesses among his relatives that were unknown to medical science. It must have been quite a strain to think up a different excuse every day, so it seemed reasonable that Pavel should be utterly exhausted as he walked to his bench. He would spend the rest of the school day sleeping with his eyes open. As Pavel sat down at the café table, I asked him whether he was still lazy. He laughed. "You'll see," he said.

The headwaiter appeared, gave us an unfriendly glance, as if he thought we wouldn't be able to pay our check, and asked if we had reserved a table. It struck me as a strange question, since we were already seated and there were so many vacant tables around us, but Pavel didn't seem surprised. He told the headwaiter that Honza, the big industrial manager, had made a reservation. The headwaiter bowed, produced a servile smile, and said, "Yes, yes, yes. The manager *has* reserved a table. Come with me, please." Still bowing and smiling, he led us to another table, which overlooked the garden but was secluded, so that we wouldn't be seen by the other diners.

The headwaiter departed, and we called one of the sullen waiters over and asked for a bottle of wine. He explained apologetically that wine was available only for official parties, and walked away. Pavel passed an imaginary knife across his throat. "The new times," he said. "The poor waiter doesn't know about Honza. He's going to get hell from the headwaiter."

Pavel told me that he had spent three of the war years in the Arabian Desert with the British Middle East Army. At one time, he had commanded four hundred Arabs who were building a road through the desert. At first, it seemed preposterous to think of the lazy Pavel as a road builder in the Arabian Desert, but then I remembered what an agile soccer player he had been. He had come back to Czechoslovakia after the war and was sorry he had, but now it was too late.

"Couldn't you still get out?" I asked.

"I could," he said. "And I'm no fool. I know that my days here are numbered. They had to give me back my shop and my house because of my war record, but they hated me for coming back and claiming my property. And now they make me pay taxes on property I've never owned and on income I've never received. The purpose is fairly obvious. In the end, they will take the shop and the house away from me 'legally.' "

"But since you know all that, what's the sense of staying?" I asked.

He looked down into the fine mist that came up from the river. "For the last six years, my wife and I have lived mostly in camps and barracks and the waiting rooms of railroad stations," he said. "Now we're in our own house, and we've bought a few pieces of furniture for it. We like to pretend that everything's going to be all right. Every once in a while, we talk of getting out, but then we look at the list of articles you're permitted to take along—*if* they let you leave. One couch, two bedspreads, two lamps, two cushions, three plates of ordinary china (no Meissen, Sèvres, or Royal Copenhagen, of course), six water glasses, six knives, six forks, six spoons. It's not easy to give up a nice home and go out once more into nothingness with six forks and six spoons. I know it's foolish. We *ought* to go. But one never learns. Let's not talk about it. Here comes Otto."

Otto, a medium-sized, bald, stooped man, walked cautiously, as if he were afraid of stepping into a booby trap or on somebody's toes. He is a government official, working in the tax collector's office. He was always a colorless and inconspicuous fellow, and time seemed to have perfected the look of mediocrity on his face; in appearance, he was more anonymous than ever. He shook hands with us, hardly giving me a second glance, as though it were twelve hours, and not twelve years, since we had seen each other. "I rarely come up here," he said, looking around with awe. "Can't afford it. Besides, my wife keeps the cash." He laughed and sat down, carefully pulling up his trousers to protect the crease. "Tonight I walked here. Walking's good for me. After a day at the office, a man needs some exercise."

"How is the tax business?" asked Pavel.

Otto rubbed his hands. "We never have any slack season," he said. "People try so hard to convince us that they ought to pay less taxes. If they were smart, they wouldn't try at all. In the end, we always get what we ask."

"Here's Leo," said Pavel.

Leo waved to us from a distance, smiling broadly. As a boy, he was frail, with a thin, milky face and a slouching walk, but now he looks the part of a distinguished member of the medical profession. He has long, delicate hands and graying hair, and he must be an impressive sight in his surgeon's white coat. "Seems everybody is here except the important people," Leo said, and sat down.

"Who?" Otto asked.

"Well, Honza and Manek," Leo said. "Wouldn't you call them important? Members of the Party, and so forth."

Otto looked blank. "Well, I'm not a member of the Party," he said, "but I'm a conscientious civil servant. My office record is outstanding. Last week, the director of the tax collector's office said, 'Otto, I wish everybody at this office were like you—doing his job, not talking too much, not thinking too much.' "

25¢ A BUNCH
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I glanced at him, expecting to see a twinkle in his eyes, but he was dead serious.

"We know you're a model civil servant," Pavel said. "But is *that* enough today?"

"The country needs people like me," Otto said, his voice righteous.

Leo was watching the driveway. "Look at that!" he exclaimed.

A big, dark-gray Tatra had driven up in front of the main entrance—one of those imposing cars that have become a symbol of power in Czechoslovakia, since they are allotted only to high government officials, Party big shots, and managers of nationalized industries. A chauffeur, in dark gray to match the car, jumped out, ran around the front, and opened the rear door nearest us. Honza, the general manager, got out, followed by Manek, the editor. Leo whistled through his teeth, and Pavel shook his head in silent won-

THE HERMIT

Always there is someone who has turned away
From the important mornings and the evening's eye,
Who sits on the top of a tall stairway
Somewhere in the country, or at the edge of slums,
And lives there quietly, day after day,
And does not turn his head to look our way.

What made him leave our ashes and our love?
Did the open sky above the city tempt
His mortal senses to the green, unkempt
Free countryside? And now to disappoint him
The leaves are shy, and the birds
Go about their nests and songs.

Loving the mountains, hating the shore,
Wherever he is, he is not far
From whatever it is that brought him there.
Left in a circle of deserted air,
He draws the edges round him like a tent to hide
The wanderer, travelling inside.

His eyes are wild, his island is insane,
We say, and envy secretly his deeper calm.
He calls it home. Perhaps inverted pride,
Pursued in childhood, was his suicide;
Or maybe once, walking in a crowd,
He shuddered at the passion at his side.

Dressed for a battle that has taken place,
Or will never happen, he masks his face
Against the hostile, preferring the alone.
Tuning his armor to the distant guns,
He writes, in a circle, on his shield,
O miseries and appetites of the world.

—Howard Moss

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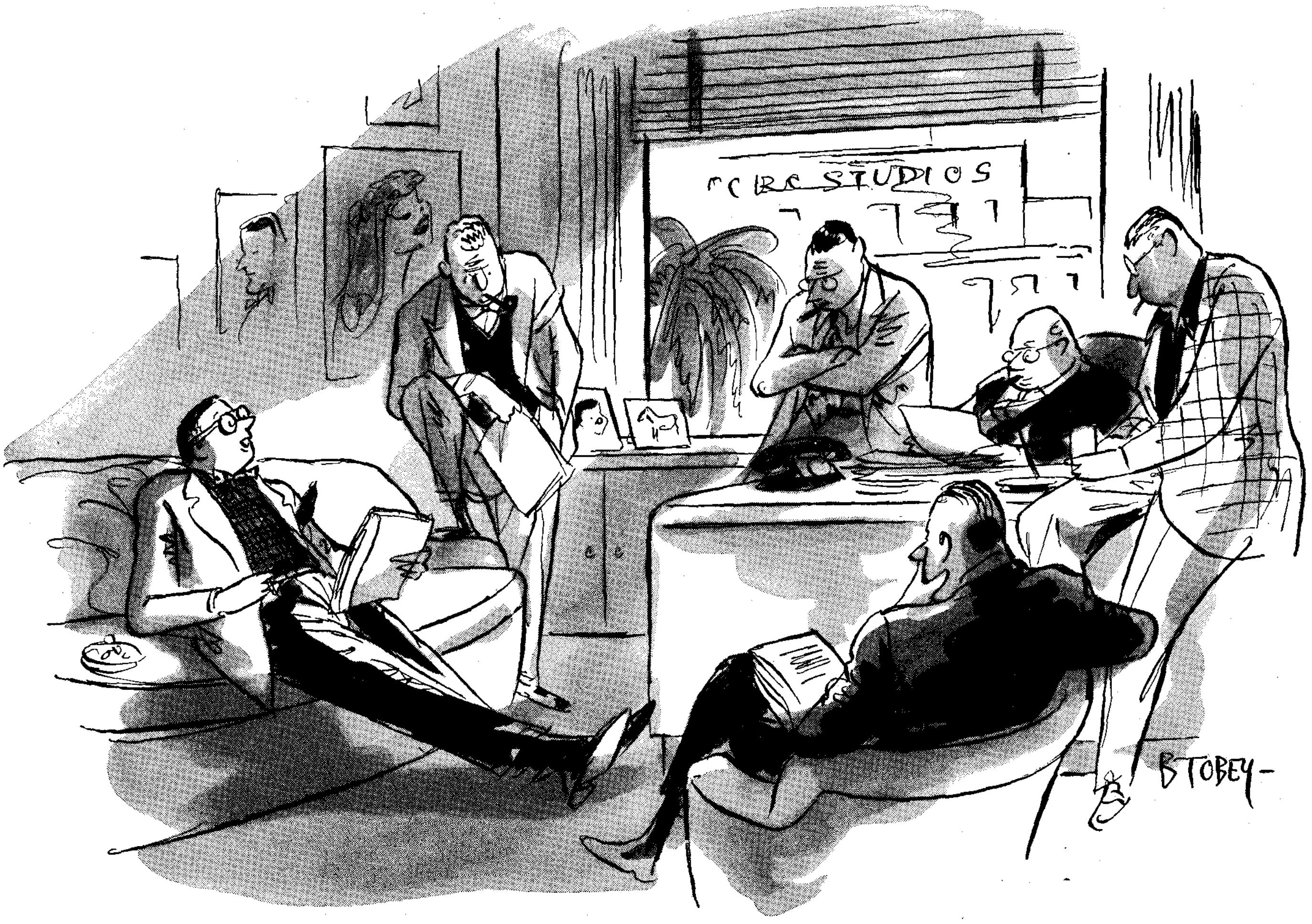

"The other evening, I saw this same situation handled rather well on tel— oh, pardon me."

• •

der. Otto looked on without interest.

"I'll be damned!" said Leo. "Now I've seen everything!"

The custom of voting your classmates the most this and the least that is unknown in European schools, but had we voted, Honza would have been selected as the least likely to succeed. He used to stare at you through his thick, horn-rimmed glasses with a silent disapproval that made you uncomfortable. He was an eager beaver, always doing more than he was told, always studying, always embarking upon some strange pursuit, like learning Persian or going to a lecture on the production of cultured pearls in Japan. A few of the boys said he was intelligent; most of them thought he was a bore. Girls hated to go out with him, because he would talk about Mexican pottery or the music of Palestrina all evening long when they expected to be courted.

Honza seemed to radiate poise and assurance as he walked toward our table with Manek. He was a success and he knew it. He wore a Party badge in his buttonhole. "Hello, fellows," he said, and gave us what must have been his general manager's smile, a grimace made up of equal parts of geniality, vanity, and condescension. Pavel winced. Leo chuckled. Otto looked very much impressed.

First Honza enthusiastically shook hands with me, and then Manek. I got the feeling that Manek was taking his cue from Honza. Manek is tall and powerfully built and has the bowlegs that are so often the mark of the first-rate soccer player. He was the star of our team and later became one of the best centers in the country. He was not wearing a Party badge, which surprised me. I had been told that he had lived for years in Russia and was on friendly terms with some of the top people there.

AFTER Honza's arrival, things began to hum at the Barrandov. The headwaiter appeared and almost keeled over with servility, bowing deeply, as in the old capitalistic days, and in no time there were three bottles of a good Mělník wine on the table. A waiter came over and filled our wineglasses. Honza took charge. Leaning back in his seat, he ordered dinner for all of us. "They got fresh lobster flown in this morning," he said. "That all right with everybody?" Without waiting for our answers, he turned to the headwaiter and said, "Lobster for everybody, Anton. And ham with cherry sauce."

"Do they have ham here?" I asked. "I thought it was very difficult to find. They say it's all being exported."

Honza smiled at me benevolently. "Shows you how wrong your American propaganda can be," he said. He looked at the others as if he expected some comment. No one spoke.

After a suitable interval, the headwaiter made another bow.

"All right, Anton," said Honza. "We'll order the dessert later."

"Yes, of course, Mr. General Manager," said the headwaiter.

By this time, Pavel was looking unhappy, but Leo still seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Manek didn't say anything; he was just listening, solemn and remote. He and Honza were on my right, Pavel and Leo on my left, and Otto was opposite me. For a minute, there was an awkward silence. None of us, apparently, were in the mood for small talk or for the questions that come up when friends meet after a good many years. "This is almost the complete forward lineup of the class soccer team," I said at last. "Only, Honza played outside right in the old days, and Pavel was outside left. Now it's the other way around. You seem to have changed sides."

I was merely trying, a little desperately, to make my friends laugh, but no one so much as smiled. There was another awkward silence. Then, fortunately, the waiter came back and filled the glasses again.

"What shall we drink to?" asked Honza, looking around.

"Let's drink to those who aren't here any longer," said Leo.

The wine was light and dry, and had a flowery aftertaste that I remembered well. It took me back to the day when we had our first, secret smoke, as we drank wine in an obscure dive that the school authorities had forbidden us to visit. But that was thirty years ago, and now so many of the boys were gone. Herbert, I knew, had been killed as a sergeant major in the German Army, and two of the boys had been killed with the British Eighth Army in North Africa. Simon, our best mathematician and chess player, had died in the Ukraine, where he'd fought with the Czech brigade. Others had just disappeared. There was Gustl, nicknamed Embryo because he was the smallest boy in the class; he would stand miserably at the end of the line during the gymnastics hour, a dwarf compared to such a giant as Manek. Gustl was a handsome boy with shiny black hair, and the girls were crazy about him, to his extreme embarrassment; he was shy and would blush when any of them tried to kiss him. He outgrew his shyness, though. When I met him in Paris a few years later, he proudly introduced me to his *petite amie* and told me a few things that were far from shy. Poor Gustl! They said he might have still been alive if, when the Nazis arrived in Prague, he hadn't stuck with his mother, a weak, helpless woman who had never been able to cope with life. In the end, they were both trapped and died in a concentration camp. And there was Erich, the goalkeeper on our team. He was clever and witty, and always ready to recite another off-color stanza of the "Wirtin an der Lahn," which had delighted generations of students. Erich was lucky; he died shortly before the war began—"just in time," as we said—of a streptococcus infection.

The waiter refilled our glasses, and gradually we started to talk. It was the disconnected talk of people who have been apart too long and can't get together again. The members of the class of '24 had done a lot of travelling, I learned. Hanuš was said to own a farm in Australia. No one could visualize him as a farmer; in the old days, he had spent most of his waking life in the smoky air of a local coffeehouse, discussing Kafka and Rilke and kibitzing the *taroky* players. Fred was practicing law in Shanghai. He had been something of a mercantile *Wunderkind.* He bought large supplies of pencils, erasers, and writing paper at wholesale rates, and unloaded them on the class at a small profit; he invested his profit in setting up a tiny counter in the janitor's office, where he secretly sold chocolate and sausages. Everybody predicted a great future in business for him, but he went to law school and became a lawyer in Prague. He did well but failed to get out before the arrival of the Nazis. Early in 1940, he escaped and went to Paris, where he worked for a French law firm. After the collapse of France, he escaped again—to Shanghai. There he practiced law inside the refugee settlement, and later became a partner in a Chinese law firm on Nanking Road. He had done all right up to the time the Communists took over. Now, I remarked to Honza, he was presumably in trouble again.

"Well, he didn't have to be," said Honza. "He would be in clover now if he'd been on the right side."

"It all depends on what you call the right side," Pavel said. He glared at Honza, and Honza glared back at him and then looked around.

"You're lucky no one is listening," Honza said.

Pavel shrugged. "I wouldn't mind," he said. "I was in the Army five years, and when I came back and wanted my house and store back, they just laughed at me. It took me fourteen months to wear them down. I would walk up to the National Council every day. I would go in and sit down and say nothing, just sit there. They couldn't very well throw me out. After I'd sat there fourteen months, they must have got tired of me, because they gave me back my property."

"Well, you've got it now, so what's all the fuss about?" asked Honza. He took off his glasses, breathed on them, and polished them with his handkerchief. "More important problems had to be solved than the ownership of your

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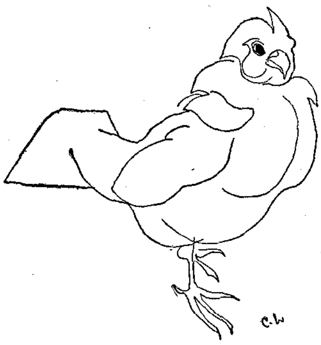
property. The individual must step aside in the interest of the state. In the end, there is justice for everybody in this country."

Honza, who evidently had no trouble whatever making himself sound like a propaganda pamphlet, has had a remarkable postwar career. Before the war, he was a clerk in one of the country's biggest industrial concerns. It was exactly the kind of job one would have expected him to have; he had absolutely no hope of rising to the top. Only six years ago, he was a disgruntled junior officer in the Free Czechoslovak Army, stationed near London. An unhappy marriage to an Englishwoman increased his dissatisfaction with life. Late in 1944, somebody discovered that he had studied Persian, so he was ordered to join a military mission to Iran. From Teheran, he went on to Moscow, where he remained a year. When he returned to Prague, in 1946, he had what he told us was "a different outlook on life."



Honza discussed this new outlook in some detail. "I suddenly discovered that I had been going around with the wrong people and doing all the wrong things," he said. "I had had no real principles. But at last I was fed up with the false Western atmosphere. I started to get to know the workers and peasants, and a new world opened to me. I joined the Party in 1946, and married again, and today I'm happy."

"When I saw you in 1947, before the Coup [of February, 1948], you didn't tell me you had joined the Party," I remarked.

"There was no reason to tell you," Honza said. He smiled. "I'm afraid you wouldn't have approved anyway. When a man has lived in the United States of Wall Street, he doesn't understand our idealistic way of life."

"Perhaps not," I said.

"Idealistic?" Pavel said. "Who are you trying to kid?"

"Boys, *please*," Leo said.

Otto looked alarmed, but he said nothing.

After Honza returned to Prague, he went back to his clerk's job at the big industrial concern. Then the firm was nationalized, like so many others, and things began to happen for Honza. He'd been to Russia and to England, and spoke the language of both countries. Above all, he had a number of influential friends and was said to be politically "reliable." Most of the executives had been fired or had left of their own accord, and there was a lot of room at the top. Within a few months, he was promoted to, successively, department chief, bureau chief, and general secretary, second in command to the omnipotent general manager. Honza started to wear his Party badge and had frequent arguments with the general manager, who had joined the Party only a few weeks before the Coup—much too late to do him any good. When Honza opened the *Lidové Noviny*, one morning, he wasn't particularly surprised to read that the Minister of Industry had appointed him the new general manager.

As we sat around the table, Honza told me I must come up and take a look at his office. "I believe it's almost as big as Mussolini's," he said, laughing. "But let me know in advance. I'm quite a busy boy. Take today. Conferences with people from England, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Bulgaria, and the Soviet Union. Not bad, eh?"

I asked, "Are you worried about being seen here with an American?"

Honza laughed. "*I* can afford it," he said. "So can Manek. The ones that ought to be worried are those three fellows." He looked at Leo, Pavel, and Otto. Then he suddenly turned to me and asked, "Have you been in England lately? How's Hugo?"

Honza was serious—almost tense—now. Hugo, his closest friend, had been a brilliant corporation lawyer in Prague until 1939, when he managed to get to England. There he had scuttled his past and made a fresh start as a farm worker. Within a few years, through sheer diligence and determination, he had become a partner in a big tomato-farm venture and a director of an industrial enterprise in the City. I told Honza that, as a matter of fact, I had seen Hugo in England just a few weeks before, and that he was fine. I reported that Hugo had said to me, "I'm happy here. I don't want to go back to Prague. I was here all through the war, the people of England have given me another chance, and I'm going to stick it out with them through the years of austerity and hard work."

"I wrote him a few months ago, offering him an excellent position with our concern," Honza said. "He declined." Honza sounded hurt rather than angry. He had always been very close to Hugo. It would probably have meant a lot to him to be able to show Hugo the office that was almost as big as Mussolini's. "He wrote that he wanted to live in a country where people still had some freedom. You would think this was a concentration camp."

No one commented on that, but Pavel lifted an eyebrow.

"I admit we have certain limitations on freedom," Honza said, "but they are temporary and necessary." He spoke in a brisk, amiable manner, as if he were addressing a meeting. "There are still too many reactionaries around who like to misuse freedom."

Pavel gave a bored sigh. "Can't we ever talk about anything but politics?" he asked.

"You will always have the mind of a small bourgeois," said Honza. "You will never be able to understand progress and democracy."

I was afraid there might be an argument and quickly said I had also seen Egon in England. Egon was the class Don Juan. He was an only child; his parents had been separated, and each of them had tried to win him by spoiling him. He had sported more suits, ties, and girl friends than anybody else in our class. At the age of fifteen, he began going to night clubs, and two years later he was attending many of the important balls. He stayed out until all hours and came to school still wearing his dinner jacket and patent-leather shoes, reeking of perfume and with lipstick marks on his collar. The teachers called him an evil influence and predicted his early downfall, but Egon graduated with honors, went to Prague University, and eventually became a hard-working businessman. His father, a famous criminal lawyer, had for many years been counsel for the local Communists, and this was no recommendation in 1939, when the Germans moved in. Egon escaped to England, married, bought a country inn, and became thoroughly domesticated. "He never goes to night clubs any more," I said. "He has become fond of slippers, hot-water bottles, and turning off his light at ten-thirty."

Leo, Pavel, and even Honza and Manek smiled. Otto yawned and pulled out his watch. I wondered why he had even bothered to join us.

"Egon was in love with Stella," said Pavel softly. "So was I."

"Were you?" Leo said. "I thought you were in love with Margot."

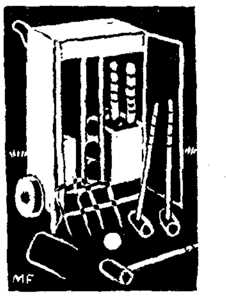
Pavel shrugged. "Maybe I was in

love with both of them," he said. "It's hard to remember."

IT was indeed hard to remember. Of the four girls in our class, three were very pretty, and their presence among thirty-five boys had caused innumerable emotional complications. Almost every one of the boys fell in and out of love with at least one of the girls. The pretty ones were Stella, a raven-haired *femme-fatale* type; Hedy, small, plump, and vivacious; and Margot, whose languorous charm and long legs had deeply and violently affected me one spring. Margot was not very bright and never had anything to say, but she was bright enough to realize this and never tried to say anything. At the class's performances of the plays of Lessing, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe, she was almost always offered the part of the leading lady, owing to her beauty and her legs, but she never managed to memorize her lines, and in the end the part had to be given to Gabrielle, the fourth girl, who was plain but clever.

"What's happened to Margot?" I asked now.

Manek spoke up for the first time. He had been sitting quietly watching us. He, too, had changed a lot; he was no longer the easygoing, gregarious fellow I remembered. "Poor Margot," he said, and then he lifted his shoulders in the slow, meaningful shrug that has become the standard answer in certain parts of Europe when you ask what has happened to somebody. It means "The person has disappeared and is probably dead, and no one will ever know what happened." He said, "I saw her for the last time a few months before the Germans moved in. She'd married that man with the prosperous glassware shop on the Rynek, and they had a lovely child. She told me her husband didn't think that all those pessimists were right, that the store was doing well and *he* was going to stay put. 'I couldn't very well go without him, could I?' she said. She never really understood what was going on, poor Margot. It was a bad time for people who didn't understand."



"Well, *you* did," said Honza, and he nodded approvingly and turned to me. "Manek did the right thing long before a lot of us knew what it was all about. He went to the U.S.S.R. shortly before September, 1939."

"How did you get there?" I asked.

Manek looked at me. "I'm going to be very frank with you," he said. "These things are important to me." He was silent for a few seconds, as if he found it difficult to start. "I won't tell you *how* I went to Russia. You've heard those stories too often. I got there like everybody else—crossing rivers, sleeping in the woods, running away from soldiers and police and frontier guards and gendarmes and customs men and just plain people carrying guns—always hiding, always running away. For a while, I stayed in Lwów, which had been a Polish city and by the time I got there was Russian. Its peacetime population had been tripled by the influx of Czech refugees. As soon as they had a roof over their heads and some warm soup in their stomachs, they would settle down and take up the old routine of their lives. Most of them were busy buying and selling things and doing the petty little jobs they'd always done, as though nothing had changed. If you asked them whether they intended to stay in Lwów, they would say, 'Of course. Where should we go—perhaps into the interior of Russia, where they'd put us in camps and starve us?' As it turned out, those who *stayed* there were the ones who were put in camps. The few of us who went east of our own free will, and not because we were forced to by the German advance, were never sent to labor camps."

"Why did you decide to go?" I said. "You weren't a Communist then, were you?"

Manek's parents had been moderately well off, with their own house and two servants, and subscription seats at the local theatre, and vacation trips twice a year. In our *Gymnasium* days, Manek had never had any revolutionary ideas. He would hardly ever take part in a political argument, and when he did he would be on the conservative side. His only interest in life was soccer.

"I wasn't a Communist," he said now. "But I didn't like what was going on around me in Lwów. It wasn't right, all these people with their petty affairs, making deals, dickering, talking, afraid to face the future. The Russian radio made daily appeals to the Czech refugees to come to the interior of Russia. I joined a group of eight men who had decided to go to the Soviet Union. I wasn't afraid of work, and things couldn't be worse." He looked at Honza and said, "It wasn't exactly a rest cure. We had our troubles in the beginning. The Russians were very suspicious of us. We told them that we had come to work, but they didn't believe us until we'd really started. They sent us to a settlement near Kazan, on the Volga. My first job was loading logs on a river barge. It was forty degrees below zero, and the first two weeks I thought I'd die of cold and fatigue. Remember our maneuvers in the Czech Army? They made us storm up a hill on a cold winter day, and when we got to the top, gasping, covered with sweat, they told us to hit the ground and take cover in the snow. Everybody expected to catch pneumonia, but no one caught so much as a cold. Something like that happened to us in Russia. We were never sick. In the summer, the flies and mosquitoes bothered us. Then we noticed that they bothered only us, and never the Russians. The Russians said that they ignored the flies, that they didn't *want* to be bothered. So we began to ignore them, and after a while we didn't even know there were any flies around."

"The Russians are wonderful people," said Honza.

Manek didn't seem to hear him. "I learned to do all sorts of things with my hands," he went on. "I killed wolves with an axe; I built a fire using wet wood, hot ashes, and paper soaked in petroleum; I learned to rub potatoes on the back of envelopes when there wasn't any glue. After six months, I had increased my daily work norm by almost two hundred per cent and was made a Stakhanovite. I made good money, too—almost twelve hundred rubles a month."

"What could you buy with the money?" Pavel asked.

Manek looked surprised, as if that aspect of the question had never occurred to him. "Well, you didn't need much," he said. "You had food and shelter, and they gave you clothes and shoes. On Sundays, you could take an excursion boat down the Volga to Kazan or Gorki. But I admit there wasn't much to buy. To find a pin or a button was a major problem, and matches were always scarce. Sometimes they had matches without boxes, and at other times they would sell empty matchboxes. But we were free. We were never forced to stay in a camp and there were no guards. Those who came later—after the outbreak of the war between Russia and Germany, in June, 1941—because they *had* to come were treated less leniently. They had

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to stay in camps where the conditions were much worse."

"I knew lots of them who didn't complain," Honza said.

"I knew others who didn't come back," Pavel said. "Some of them are still there—in Siberia."

Manek was silent. After a while, he said, "Russia is no place for slackers. A man who doesn't want to work is in for a tough time. And you have to get your Marxist education. I did. After two years, they permitted me to travel in our neighborhood. I talked with the peasants and the workers and the intelligentsia. They weren't happy, but they had never been happy. There were even professors and doctors who conceded that they were better off than before the Revolution. I began to think, and quite a few things began to make sense to me."

"They won't believe you, no matter what you tell them," Honza said to Manek, gesturing vaguely toward Pavel, Leo, and me. "They don't want to hear anything good about Russia. They love the stories of beatings and atrocities and slave-labor camps. *I* have never seen them."

"You were only in Moscow," Pavel said.

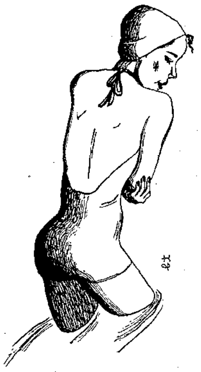
"And you will never understand that Russia represents progress and that you can't stop progress," Honza said.

"You call it progress—being afraid twenty-four hours a day that you may do or say something wrong and they will come for you?" Pavel asked.

"I wouldn't be surprised if they came for *you* one of these days," Honza said. "It's people like you that have to be watched constantly by the secret police."

I thought Pavel would hit Honza. There was a long, nervous silence. Then the waiter came with the food. We began to eat, none of us saying much, except Honza, who kept wanting to know how we were enjoying the lobster.

After a while, Manek went on with his story. He had worked on the Volga until 1943, and then had joined up with General Ludvík Svoboda, who was organizing the first all-Czech brigade, in Buzuluk, on the edge of the steppes. Manek had fought with the brigade all the way from the Volga to the Vltava—fifteen hundred miles. He was wounded in one knee at the Dukla Pass, in Poland, on the Czech border, but he was soon able to return to combat. "I still have a slight limp," he said. "I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good as center forward any more. But I'm glad I went through the whole thing. It gave me the final proof that my feelings and convictions were justified. I remember the eighty thousand bodies of civilians left by the Germans in the streets of Kiev when we moved in. And I remember the body of a baby in the well of a Ukrainian village. It was still warm. The Germans had no reason to kill that baby. That kind of murder made no sense, and senseless things are the hardest to forget. I said to myself, 'We must do everything to keep the Germans from ever starting another war. They must never, never do it again.' " He stared into space. "It's my honest belief that Russia's way of preventing that war is the most effective."



Leo shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid you're wrong, Manek," he said.

"I may be wrong, but you, too, may be wrong," Manek said. "Who knows what's going to happen?" He turned to me. "Did you know I was in the first tank that liberated Moravská Ostrava?" I didn't. "Yes," he said sadly. "You can see the tank now, mounted on a platform in front of the City Hall, as a monument to the liberators. I asked my colonel to let me command the advance patrol. He didn't like the idea. He thought I'd get myself in trouble, but then he understood and let me go. We arrived on the evening of March 31, 1945. The Germans were still putting up a stiff resistance. The boys in the tank told me to take cover, but I was too excited. I kept my head outside as we drove down from Klimkovice [a suburb], past the stadium where I had played in so many soccer games. They were sniping at us, and I went hot and cold with fear, but I couldn't keep my head inside. The streets were empty, as if it were dawn instead of twilight, and there were no lights in the windows. When we came through Nádražní Třída [one of Moravská Ostrava's main streets], I told the driver to stop the tank in front of my house. The door was bolted. I broke it open and went in. There were some frightened people cowering in the living room, but I didn't know them. I went upstairs to my room, and to the room where my parents had always sat after dinner, Father reading his paper and Mother darning socks or embroidering. But it wasn't the same room. The furniture was gone and the wallpaper was

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changed and the whole place looked shabby and dirty and cold. I didn't know at that time what had happened to my family. I only found out later . . ." His voice trailed off, and for a while he said no more. Then he resumed. "I went back to the tank and told them to take me to the Palace Hotel. It had been plundered by the Germans, and most of the rooms were completely empty, but I found one in the rear with a mattress on the floor. I lay down and closed my eyes. I felt exhausted. I had been living for this moment for five years, and now that it had come it meant nothing. Nothing but emptiness and a horrible weight of weariness. It seemed as though it had hardly been worth the trouble."

Pavel was doodling on the tablecloth with his spoon, Leo was staring down at his plate, and Otto was sipping his wine. He had listened to Manek's story without any apparent interest. Now he opened his mouth, then shut it, and his face was as empty and dull as before.

Honza smiled at me ironically. "Disappointed?" he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"A story about Russia without any horror is quite a disappointment, isn't it?" he said. "Your Wall Street papers like stories about Russia to have some horror in them."

"How do you know?" I asked. "You don't read American papers. You can't get them here."

"The Party sees to it that we get enough excerpts from a cross-section of American papers to form a valid opinion of American thought," he said.

"Quotations out of context," Pavel said.

"You don't have to eat a whole steer to find out what beef tastes like," said Honza.

"You don't know what is going on outside our country and you don't want to know," Pavel said angrily. "Knowledge has become dangerous."

Honza again took off his glasses and cleaned them with great care. "My dear Pavel," he said solemnly, "I predict that one of these days you will be in trouble."

"Possibly," said Pavel. "But I know of others who won't die in bed, either. And they know it, too. It doesn't make them feel too well."

"Boys, boys," said Leo. "Let's have some more wine."

I hastily filled the glasses.

"I HAD a letter from Paul a few months ago," Leo said. "He's very mad at us. He said he had no desire to

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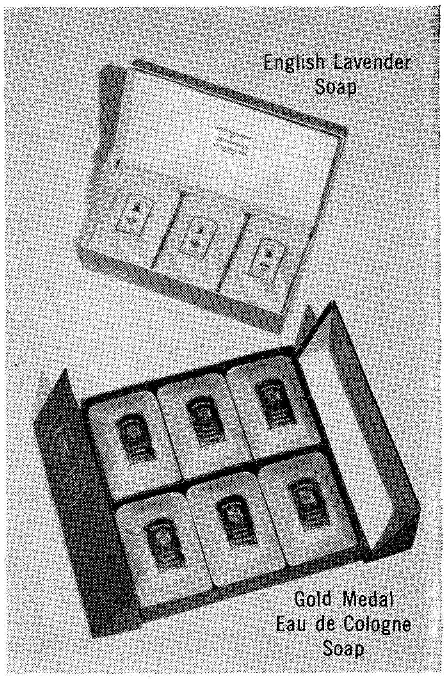

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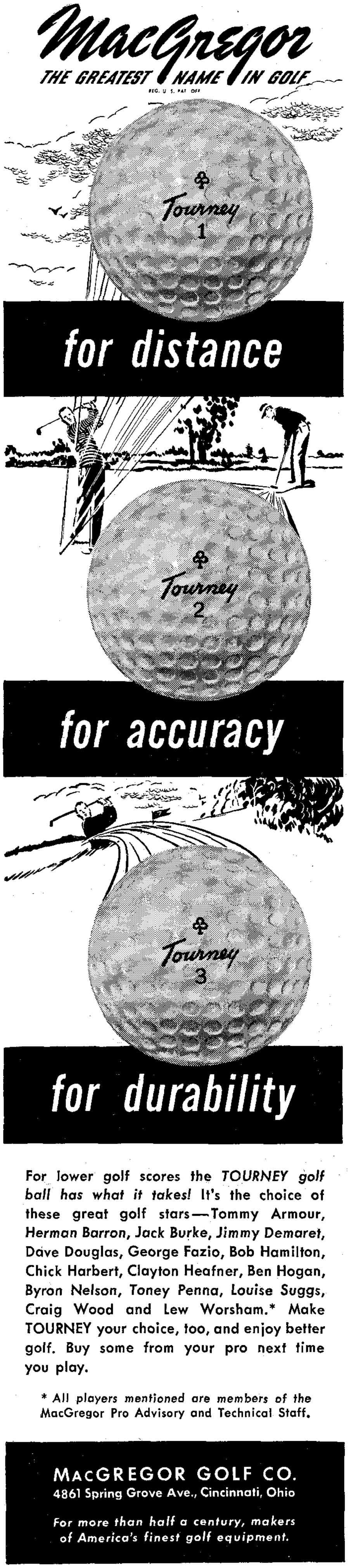

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come here tonight." Paul had been an outstanding specimen of our class's internationalism. His father, a German, was the local representative of an American business firm of worldwide scope. Paul spoke Czech as well as German, his sweetheart was Hungarian, most of his friends were Jewish, and he spent his summers with German relatives in Austria. As a small child, he had suffered a severe attack of infantile paralysis; he never managed more than three steps without his cane. During our soccer games, he sat behind our goalkeeper, shouting and cheering. He went to Berlin after graduation and became a solicitor, and, later, a judge. When the Germans occupied our home town, they brought Paul along as a legal expert because of his knowledge of the local situation. Paul got himself a nice villa that had belonged to a rich Jewish friend of his and was made president of the Circuit Court.

"He was a dirty Fascist," said Honza.

Leo shook his head. "Don't be silly, Honza," he said. "You knew Paul. Always conscientious, always talking of duty, with his Prussian mania for thoroughness and detail. Paul was simply the typical German official. He was doing what he considered his duty. He never did any harm. When Ervin had trouble with the Gestapo, Paul got him out of it. I don't say he liked doing it, but it is a fact that he did it."

"Once a Fascist, always a Fascist," Honza said.

"What's Paul doing now?" I asked.

"When the Germans ran away, Paul ran away with them," said Leo. "He had to leave everything, and now he's angry because the Czechs have taken over his property. Of course, he's entirely forgotten that most of the stuff in the house, and the house itself, didn't belong to him in the first place."

"And what about Alois?" Honza said. "I suppose you'd say that he wasn't a Fascist, either, and that he only did his duty."

Alois, another of our classmates, was the son of an Austrian pharmacist. He used to collect stamps, and sometimes came to my home for an evening of chamber music. He was a quiet boy with a gentle voice. I hadn't seen him since our graduation party, but I had heard a good deal about him. He had joined the Sudeten German Party, had got a job in the Gestapo, and had become the most brutal torture expert at the local Gestapo headquarters. People told terrible tales about him.

Leo said, "I suppose you know what became of Alois." I shook my head. He looked out into the darkness and said, "It's not a very pleasant story. You won't like it. The mob caught up with Alois in Prague, in May, 1945. They dragged him through the streets, hung him by the toes, and lit a fire underneath him."

"He screamed for eight minutes," Honza said.

"I'm not at all sure who is worse—Alois, the executioner, or the people who executed him," Leo said.

"Alois was a murderer," said Honza. "He was responsible for the death of scores of people. Perhaps you would have put him in a comfortable cell and fed him for a few years and then freed him and let bygones be bygones."

I looked at the others. Pavel was still doodling on the tablecloth. Manek was withdrawn and preoccupied. Otto was rubbing his nose and yawning. None of them showed any emotion about the execution of Alois, the executioner who had been their classmate.

Honza said, "In America, they lynch innocent people every day because they don't like the color of their skin."

"Goodness, let's not start *that* all over again," Pavel said. "Any news of Poldi?"

For a while, we talked about Poldi, who is now a famous conductor in Germany. Recently, I heard him conduct a fine performance of "Boris Godunov" at the Berlin State Opera. Even in our school days, Poldi was an unmistakable musical genius. He wore his hair uncut and his trousers unpressed, had a deep contempt for Puccini and Tchaikovsky because they wrote melody, and ignored the amenities of social life. He liked to forget dates and invitations and was extremely vague about money people lent him, but he was always much in demand by hostesses, because he could sit down at the piano and brighten up the dullest party. He could play the "Pilgrims' Chorus," from "Tannhäuser," with his left hand and "Oh! Lady Be Good" with his right, working one pedal with his right foot, doing a tap dance with his left, and singing some highly objectionable lyrics of his own composition. But he also played Bach, Franck, and all the Chopin études, and played them very well.

"We were quite a class," Leo said. "Everything from a murderer to a conductor."

"WHAT about you, Leo?" I asked.

"I wasn't as bright as Honza and Manek," he replied. "I didn't escape to Russia." His father had owned a small inn at the edge of a forest near the Polish border. In the summer, we students would go there and lie under the trees, drinking the beer that Leo's father supplied in quantity. "When the time came to get out, I took the easiest way," Leo went on. "Remember that big coal mine near the inn? My wife and I went down on the Czech side. The miners took us through the subterranean corridors and we came out on the Polish side. I went to Cracow and tried to get one of the five hundred British visas the British Labour Party had allotted for escaped Social Democrats. I was a member of the Social Democrat Party, you know. But I never managed to get a visa. Somehow or other, they all went to people with connections and money. My wife and I started to run, along with everybody else. We reached a marsh in eastern Poland where there were dilapidated huts with signs reading 'KEEP OUT—TYPHOID' on the doors, and puddles of stinking water. I warned people against drinking the water, but they didn't listen and a great many died. Then, for the survivors, came hunger. It made animals out of some of them. It's in situations like this that one learns to distinguish between gold and iron. Gold remains gold. Iron turns to rust. Very few people are gold."

Leo and his wife got tired of running away, and they decided to go home. If they had to die, they might as well die there. As they tried to cross the Czechoslovakian border, they were caught by two German customs guards and taken to the local Gestapo headquarters, only a few hundred yards from Leo's father's inn. Leo was terrified. His wife had a few jewels in a tiny leather pouch under her blouse and two one-hundred-dollar bills inside her small hand mirror. Smuggling jewels and foreign money was a capital crime. Fortunately, she managed to drop the pouch before they reached the Gestapo office. "There were three men there—a German, an Austrian, and a Sudeten German," Leo said. "They searched my wife and found the mir-

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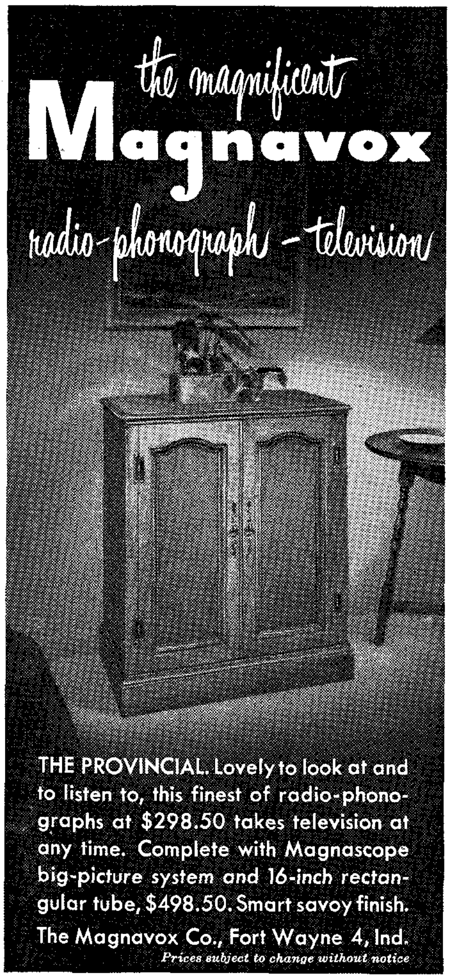

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ror. The Austrian held it up and studied both sides while the two other men kept us covered. If they had found the bills, they would have shot us then and there. You read so much about people facing death, but when the moment comes, you don't really feel anything. You go numb. You're tired and apathetic. The Austrian tapped the mirror and then threw it carelessly across the room. I can still see it flying through the air. If it had fallen on the floor, it would have broken and the bills would have been discovered. But it landed on the mattress of a bed over in a corner. After that, I stopped worrying. I knew we would come out alive. The Austrian took me by the throat and said, 'Do you know who I am, you stinking, dirty so-and-so?' I wasn't afraid any more. I said, 'Sorry, I haven't yet had the pleasure of meeting you.' He let go of me and broke into a laugh. From then on, it was easy. One of the Gestapo men had a new Leica he wanted to try out. He painted a beard on my chin with my wife's lipstick and draped the bed-cover around her and stuck a comb in her hair, and called us Don Maximiliano, the Spanish grandee, and Doña Elvira, and took snapshots of us. They brought meat, butter, and wine, and we all ate and drank. Late that night, the Austrian took us to the border, gave me a hundred marks, and told us to beat it. He took the mirror out of his pocket, handed it to my wife, and wished us a pleasant journey."

Leo and his wife went on to Prague, and Leo joined the staff of a hospital there. A year later, he was caught performing an emergency operation on a Czech underground fighter and was sent to a concentration camp. When he learned that he was to be included in the next shipment of prisoners to one of the death camps in Poland, he asked a fellow-doctor to give him an injection. "It was my own invention," Leo told us with professional pride. "A mixture of blood serum and salt water. I'd experimented with it for weeks in the hospital lab. Some of the stuff they used to induce an illness would merely give you a temperature. The German camp doctors were too smart for that. My mixture would get into the lungs and the infection would show up in X-rays. My friend gave me the injection by the light of a candle, which also served to sterilize the syringe. I came down with pneumonia and pleurisy and ran a temperature of a hundred and five. The German doctors thought at first that I was just another faker, but when they saw the spots in the X-ray picture they sent me to a tuberculosis ward. A t.b. patient wasn't fit to be killed—you were supposed to die in good health. And that's how I saved my life. After the Liberation, I came back to Prague and started to practice again. Except that it is getting more and more difficult to practice."

"What's so difficult?" Honza demanded belligerently.

"We are short of sulfa and penicillin," Leo said. "We need French and American medical supplies. There's no lab help. I tried to engage two of my students just before their final exams, but they were sent to work in a coal mine, because they were 'politically unreliable.' Three of my friends who are excellent surgeons are in lumber camps. And yet there is a frightful shortage of doctors."

"This is a revolution," said Honza. "We can't afford to have enemies of the regime among us. But those problems will be taken care of in due course."

"And meanwhile the country's health is deteriorating," Leo said. "Our hospitals are overcrowded. Over five thousand medical students have been dismissed from the university within the past year. We aren't permitted to read foreign medical publications. Worst of all, it's now the patients who tell the doctor what to do. The other day, a man came to see me and asked me to perform a stomach operation. After a thorough examination, I was convinced there was nothing wrong with his stomach. Do you know what happened? He went to the National Front's Action Committee and denounced me as a saboteur, and I had to defend myself. Is that your idea of how these affairs should be managed?"

"You *are* a saboteur," said Honza furiously. "I've a good mind to—"

"Fellows! Fellows!" cried Otto. Everybody looked at him in surprise. He had said almost nothing all evening, and had looked as if he were about to doze off. Seeing himself the center of attention, he smiled in embarrassment. "What's happened to us, fellows? We were always such a good team. And now everybody hates everybody."

"Suppose you explain what happened to *you*, Otto," Honza said sharply. "Where were *you* when the country went through the Communist revolution?"

Otto looked amazed. "Where was I? I was here, of course. I was doing my job, as I've always done. I spent my days at the office, and in the evening I went home.”

“Yes, yes,” Honza said impatiently. “But what happened to you—politically, I mean?”

“Why, nothing happened to me,” said Otto.

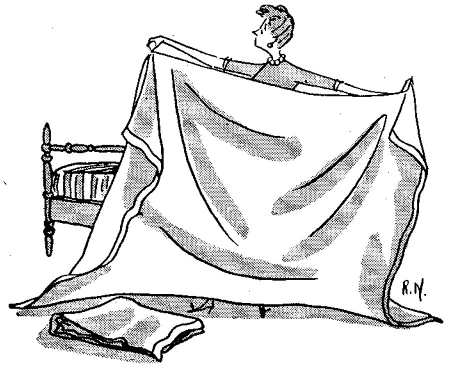
Honza got red in the face. “Are you trying to be funny?” he said.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Otto.

Honza banged his fist on the table. “The world has changed, Otto,” he said. “The working classes have taken over this country. The old society is dead. And you say that nothing has happened to you.”

Otto smiled as if he at last understood. “Well, something *is* always happening,” he said. “At the office, there’s always a little excitement. People come to see me. They beg, they cry. After all, I’m no file clerk any more. I have my responsibilities.”

His voice was flat, as it had been when he was a boy. I’ve never been able to remember where he sat in the classroom; he was there, but no one ever seemed to notice him. Once, the much-feared chemistry teacher overlooked him for a whole term, while the rest of us sat there trembling, waiting to be called on. At the end of the term, he was graded “Satisfactory.” He was never graded “Good” or “Very Good” or “Unsatisfactory” in anything; it was always “Satisfactory.” He played soccer, but he never made the first team. He never had a date with any of the three pretty girls of our class; he went out with Gabrielle. At the theatrical and musical performance the class put on at the end of each year for the parents, he didn’t recite poetry, never played or sang, never had a part in a play or did magician’s tricks; he simply pulled the curtain. Otto was just taken for granted. After graduation, most of us went on to study at universities, conservatories, or other institutions of higher learning, but he entered the government service. His father, who was a clerk in the local tax bureau, couldn’t afford to send him



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to a university, and got him into the bureau as a file clerk. Otto was perfectly content to file and to stamp tax returns in a small room he shared with four other clerks. As the years went by, his salary increased and the number of clerks in his room decreased. Prosperity came and went, Hitler became chancellor, the Germans moved into the Rhineland, President Masaryk died, people talked of war, and Otto was at the office Monday through Friday from seven-forty-five to two, and Saturday from eight to twelve. The last time I'd seen him, in 1938, he was sharing a big office with only one other man, and he had a secretary.

Now I asked him, "What happened to you in the war?"

"The Czech Army rejected me because I had weak eyes, and the Germans classified me as indispensable," he said. "I daresay I was. I've never missed a day at the office, except when I was sick for a while in 1942. I was at my desk even during the days of the Liberation. I remember the evening of May 7, 1945. There was heavy street fighting near the Prašna Brana. I like to take a few tax files home with me, so I'll have something to do after dinner while my wife knits. That evening, I had some files with me as I walked toward Karlin, where I live. I always walk home. My wife says, 'Exercise is good for you.' At the corner of the Poříčí, there was a lot of shooting going on. Well, I held up the files to protect my face and walked through the bullets. I must confess that I was worried about those files. Suppose something had happened to them! You see, one isn't really supposed to take them out of the office. When I got home, my wife was standing in front of the house, pale as a sheet. When she saw me, she started to cry. 'Did you walk all the way home?' she asked. 'Of course,' I said. 'A tax official can't afford a Tatra.'" He laughed, and looked at us to see if we appreciated his joke. "My wife cried even harder and said I mustn't walk through the city when everybody was shooting. But you know women. They are inclined to be a little hysterical. I walked home the next evening, too. I didn't take any files with me, though." He stared into his wineglass. "I suppose that's about all. Not very exciting, is it?"

Leo shook his head. "You've told us the most exciting story of all, Otto," he said.

Otto cleared his throat self-consciously and said, "You're kidding me, Leo."

"I'm not," Leo said. "I mean it. Look at the rest of us We all have the same story. Running away, fleeing somewhere, always on the run. A law firm in Shanghai, a country inn in England, a Polish concentration camp, a farm in Australia, a Volga River barge. You were the only one of us who didn't run away, Otto. You didn't even try to. You stayed put. You've got something the rest of us haven't had anything to do with since we were kids—stability."

Otto stared at Leo. Honza said, "That's all very well, Otto, but where do you stand politically?"

Otto shrugged. "Frankly, I don't care one way or the other," he said. "No matter who's running the country, they'll always need us. They have to have the money to run the country, and we are getting it for them."

It was very quiet now. The dance band had packed up and gone, and most of the guests had left the garden. Honza gazed at Otto for a long time. Then he turned away and said, "Waiter! Let me have the check, please."

"But it's not even midnight," I said. "Don't you want to stay a little longer?"

"Sorry," said Honza. "I must be at the office at seven-thirty tomorrow. Here we work hard. We can't afford to come to our offices at ten or eleven, like the people in your rich country."

The waiter brought the check. Everybody reached for his wallet, but Honza signed his name with a majestic flourish. "No, no, no," he said. "It's all taken care of." He and Manek stood up and bade the rest of us goodbye. I noticed that Honza shook hands with everybody but Pavel. "Look," I said to Honza, "why don't you two shake hands and stop being childish?"

Honza stepped back and gave me a patronizing look. "Childish!" he said. "My poor boy, no one's being childish but you. Of course, you wouldn't understand."

"Don't worry," Pavel said to me. "I don't want to shake hands with him."

Without another word, Honza turned and left, and Manek followed him. We saw them get into the Tatra and drive off. The rest of us sat on there for a while, but now no one felt much like talking; perhaps there was nothing more to be said. Then Leo, Pavel, and Otto shook hands with me and left. I said I didn't want to leave yet, but the truth was that I wanted to go back to my hotel alone. I waited a few minutes and then walked slowly down into the city. The night was soft and warm, as, twenty-six years before, the night of our graduation party had been, when we walked home through the silent, sleepy streets of Moravská Ostrava. We had walked side by side, our arms interlocked, in a line as wide as the street. Once, I remember, a taxi came toward us, and once a policeman making his rounds. We let the taxi pass, but we stopped the policeman and refused to let him pass, and he had to slip through underneath the locked arms of a boy and a girl. It must have been four o'clock, and we were all a little loud after the wine, and all sad at the thought of parting. And now I was walking down the street all by myself, and it was still not even midnight. At my hotel, as I went up in the elevator, it occurred to me that none of us this night had suggested that we meet in ten or twenty years, or ever again.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

OLD GRAVEYARD, LANE'S ISLAND

Daisies and hawkweed surround the
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Of Margaret, wife of Benjamin Lane;
Sea gulls patrol it and tree swallows
glide
Where the outgoing stream meets the
incoming tide
With a sound like rain.

A white caterpillar crawls over the grave
Of Benjamin Lane's wife, Margaret,
Which is closer to ermine than she ever
came,
While the lines on her stone are closer to
fame—
You can read them yet.

A song sparrow sings from a bush by the
grave
Of Margaret, wife of Benjamin Lane,
Whose joy was to hear it before she died,
Where the outgoing stream meets the
incoming tide
With a sound like rain.

—WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

•

One way of testing your play is to tell your girl friend what it's about in 50 words. If you flounder, you haven't thought out the story line clearly enough. For example, here is the plot idea for a television show we saw a few weeks ago. A boy in love with a girl wants to get rid of his rival. He invents a time machine to take him back to 1890. He shoots at his rival's grandfather so that his rival won't be born, but misses and hits his own grandfather. Now he himself won't be born.—*Leo Shull in Writer's Digest.*

Try again—it's fifty-one words.

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Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

EVER WATCH A GIRL try on a sweater for the first time? Invariably she'll begin to admire herself—sideways . . . Now the psychologists are saying that most of us men take care of our morning ablutions in the wrong order. For instance, when we wash, shave and brush our teeth in that order, we're nothing but confused souls. If we shave, brush our teeth and then wash our mug, we get rid of all the excess lather and toothpaste at once and have to wash but once. The toothpaste around the mouth also dulls the razor blade . . . Among the current merchandising schemes of Arthur Godfrey is the shipping of a brand new Island Uke and three cans of his Hi-V orange juice to columnists and radio editors over the country. It's probably one of the most expensive novelty gift packs in recent promotions. The Godfrey influence, incidentally, is seen in a uke price war with some places selling them for as little as $2 . . . Thought for the day: You're getting older, brother, when you'd rather not have a good time than have to get over it. I'm sure you know what I mean.

★

NO WONDER WE need tax experts and lawyers and accountants to dope out our tax situation. Take a quick look at this verbatim quote from section 23 of the internal revenue code: "General rule—if contributions are paid by an employer to or under a stock bonus, pension, profit-sharing or annuity plan, or if compensation is paid or accrued on account of any employe under a plan deferring the receipt of such compensation, such contributions or compensation shall not be deductible under subsection "A" but shall be deductible if deductible under subsection "A" without regard to this subsection, under this subsection but only to the following extent . . ." What was that again, please?

★

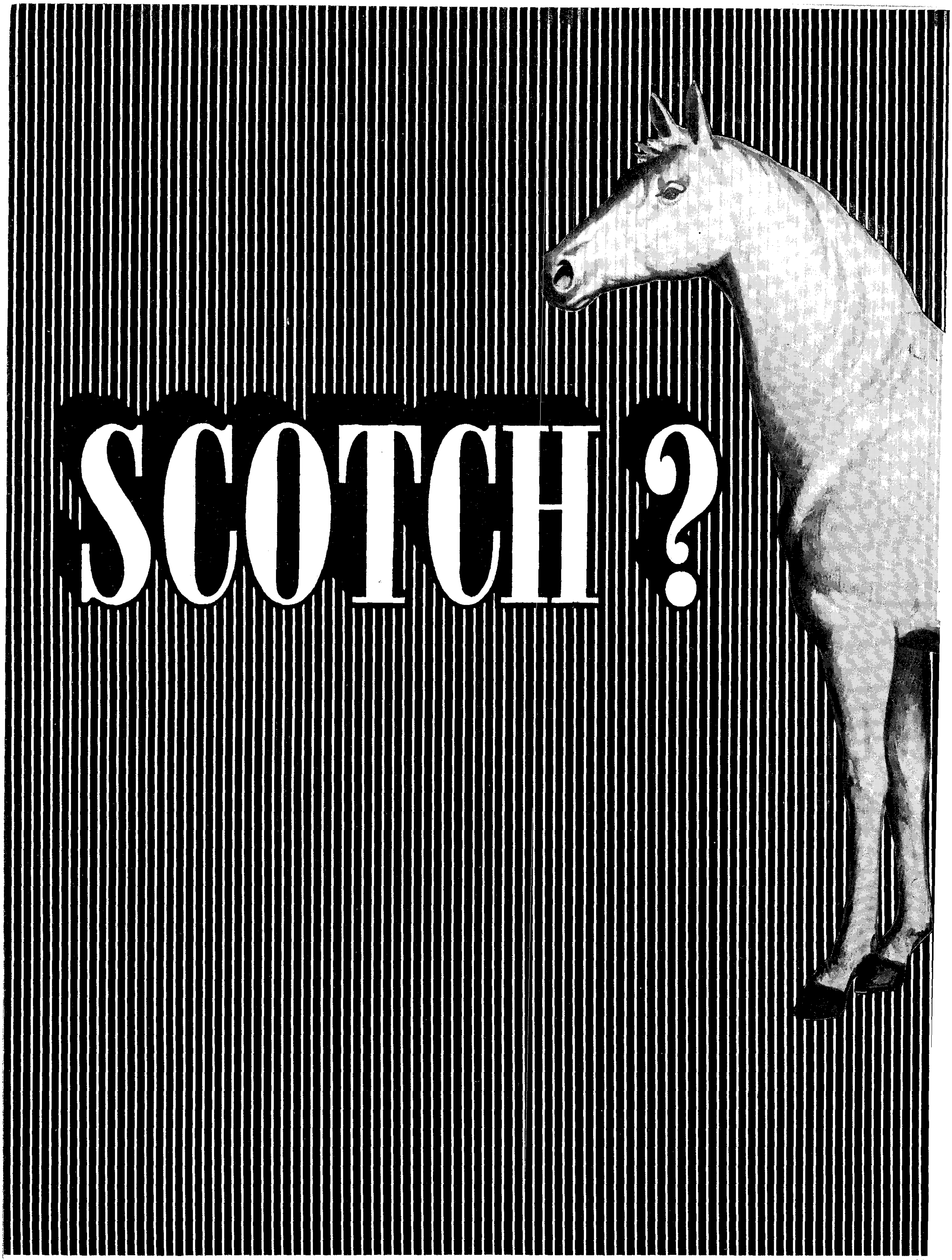
THE WEATHERMAN IS SERVING UP some beautiful summer weather these days and that means 900,000 Minnesotans will soon be thronging to Minnesota's whopping State Fair. It means, too, that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune will again be playing host to friends and readers. Last year our special information staff served 288,000 fair-goers—answering queries and supplying maps of America's largest state fair grounds. This gesture of helpful neighborliness further explains why, to residents of this great four-state area, the best-read, best-liked newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: now more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 600,000).

★

WHAT IF DEATH took a holiday? Think of the chaos if we went for an entire year without a death in the world. Doctors, druggists, nurses, morticians, medical suppliers, hearse builders, casket manufacturers, florists, even ministers would feel it. "The year nobody died" would really make history, wouldn't it? . . . Telephone line repairmen in Oregon found an open-wire line shorted by, of all things, a dead halibut. How did it get so high? Best guess so far is that it was tossed up there by a railroad dining car chef.

★

SIGN IN A RESTAURANT: "Excellent food. Also have large, spacious private rooms for your next affair." . . . Seventh Day Adventists turn off their radios and television sets from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday . . . Blondie's creator, Chic Young, has the original first name of Murat. No wonder he very conveniently misplaced it . . . Punchy verse by June Paschal: The shirt that needs no ironing doesn't have me oh-my-goshing; I'm waiting for the shirt that won't need any washing.



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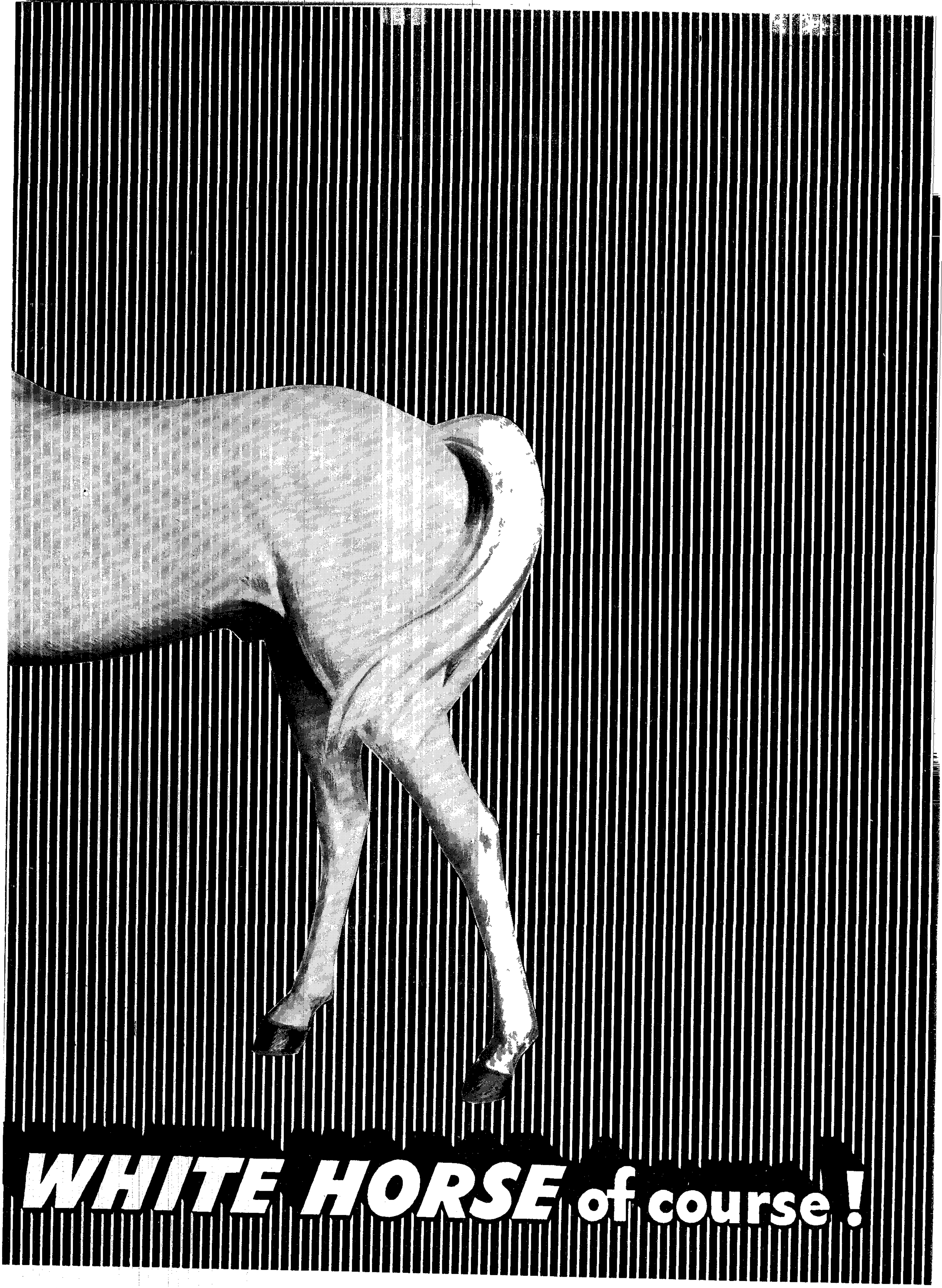
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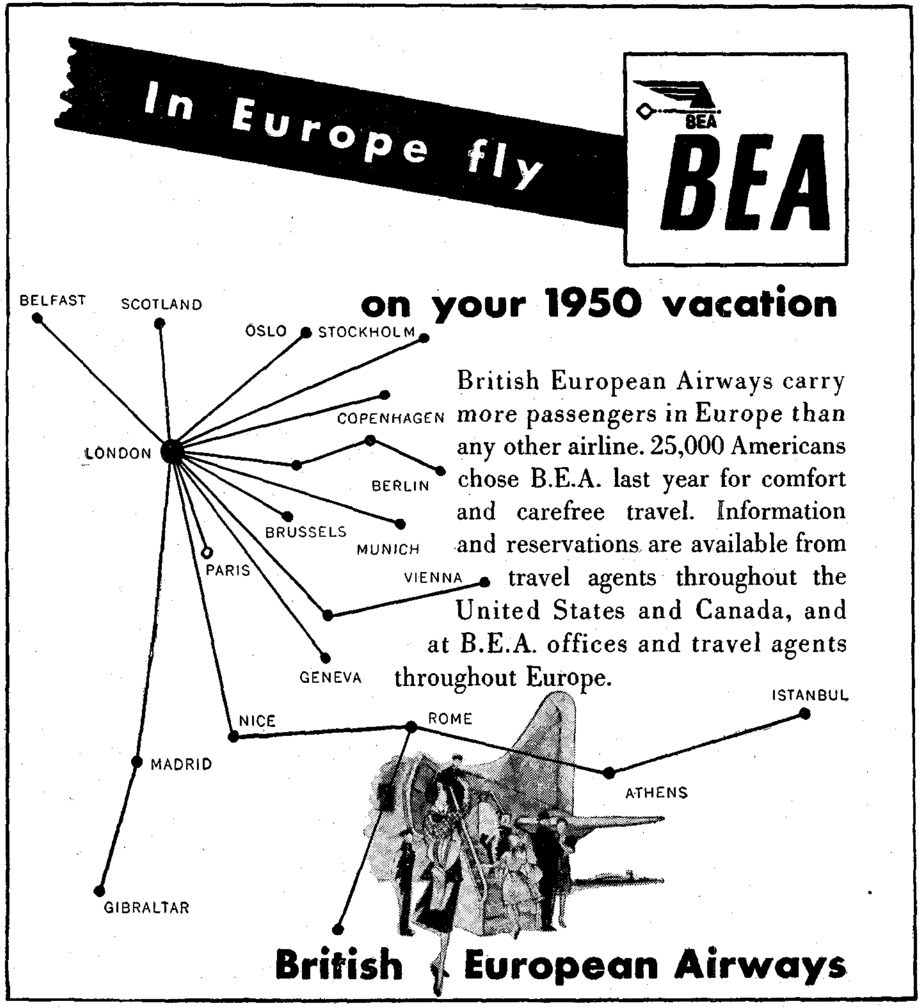

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Soviet Union stoutly maintains that it is an innocent bystander in the Far Eastern conflict. The Korean war is one of the few things it does not claim to have invented.

•

The offer of the Chinese Nationalists to send troops to help liberate South Korea has not been accepted. The prevailing feeling seems to be that General MacArthur's job is hard enough as it is.

•

Grant Simmons, the mattress man, has sent one of his products to Moscow as a gift for Stalin. It may be his theory that if we give Uncle Joe a little rest, he will reciprocate.

•

The American religious cult Jehovah's Witnesses has run into trouble in Poland. The Warsaw government is trying to make out that these earnest souls are witnessing for Uncle Sam instead of for Jehovah.

•

The public is glad to hear that the switchmen have called off their strike against five Western railroads. On the other hand, employees of the *World-Telegram & Sun,* at this writing, still show no craving for newspaper work.

•

Cultured Brooklynites can now borrow from the Public Library framed reproductions of famous paintings to hang in their homes. Citizens of cruder tastes claim that what Brooklyn needs is not better pictures but better pitchers.

•

American Indians are indignant about a mural in the Capitol that shows a red man engaged in scalping. The white man was responsible for the spread of that custom, they claim, and besides the Indians were more scalped against than scalping.

•

It now appears that Congress may not be able to adjourn at the end of the month, as was generally hoped: Our lawmakers may have to get themselves reëlected by remote control.

•

A group called the Republican Advance is advocating a constructive approach to the social and political problems of the day, but the G.O.P. leaders are chilly toward the idea. They expect to do their heavy scoring next fall on Democratic errors.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 6

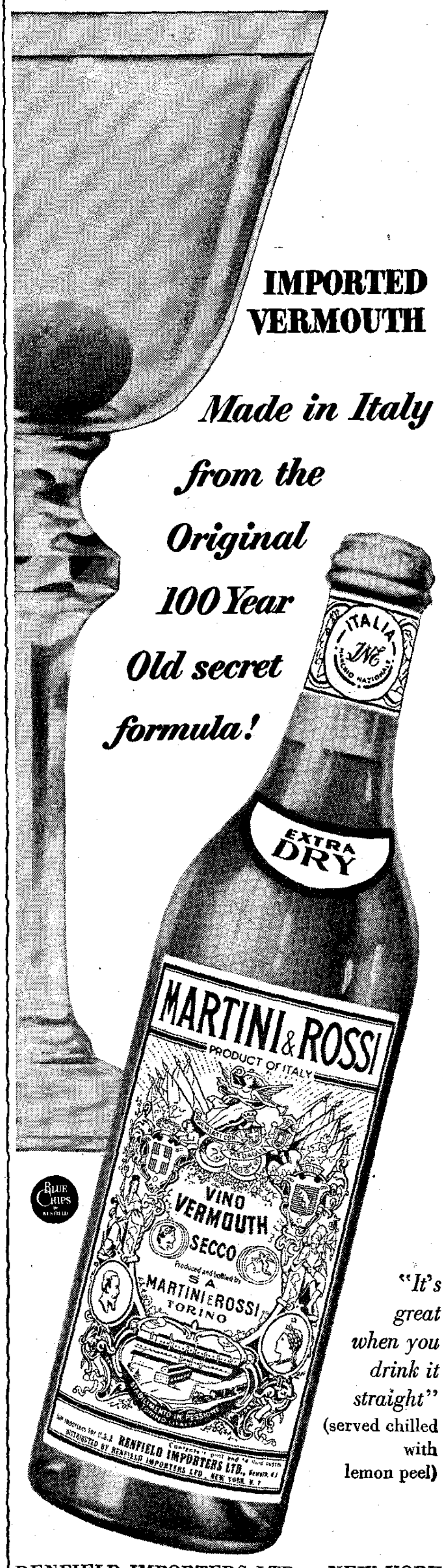
THE outbreak of the Korean war did not seem very important to Parisians when it was first announced. Its gunfire sounded faint, because far away, and the troubles, and also the pleasures, right here in Paris were unusually resonant. So on Monday, June 26th, the two big topics in town were, first, the fall of the Bidault Cabinet, which left France without a government, and, second, the unexpected victory in Sunday's Grand Prix of Baron Guy de Rothschild's Vieux Manoir, son of the great French courser and sire Brantôme, and the announcement of *une guerre civile en Corée* was almost unobtrusive. Because, as everybody now realizes, a vital part of the cold-war strategy in the Korean war was immediately revealed when the diametrically opposed declarations were made by Washington and Moscow as to who was the aggressor, and because France has the biggest, best-edited Communist press in Western Europe, Americans here have found it interesting to see for themselves how and what the Communist papers are giving their readers as Korean war news—interesting, and sometimes unbelievable. It seems worth reporting, for the record, that during the first week the Communist *Humanité's* French version of Moscow's version of the Korean news ran like this:

Monday's front page had, along with a headline on Vieux Manoir's victory, and his picture, a headline that read, "GRAVE PROVOCATION OF WAR BY WASHINGTON PUPPETS IN KOREA." The text began, "Serious events have just burst upon Korea, which put in a harsh light the methods and plans of the American fomenters [*fauteurs*] of war," and went on to say that the army of the American puppet Syngman Rhee, of the South, had attacked the People's Republic of the North at three points on the Thirty-eighth Parallel, without saying, for history's sake, just where the three points were. On page 3, the United Nations Security Council meeting that had instantly called for a withdrawal of the Communist North forces was described as having assembled "in complete illegality," for the reason that Soviet Russia was absent, for the reason that, in turn, Chiang Kai-shek's delegate was present.

Tuesday's front-page headline crowed, "WASHINGTON PUPPETS IN FULL FLIGHT." Page 5 was devoted to big photographs of bleeding or dead South Korean patriots—i.e., pro-Communists—and of truckloads of men who were unwounded but had been bound with ropes and were en route to "an American-Korean tribunal; that is to say, death." A lengthy expansion of this useful propaganda idea was used later in the week in Parliament by Communist Deputy Jacques Duclos, and in addition he used, surprisingly, the New York *Times* of March 14th, which he said had reported that thirteen opposition deputies in Rhee's government had been brought before the Seoul tribunal, accused of, among other things (still quoting the *Times*), "being opposed to an invasion of the People's Republic of the North by South Korean forces."

Wednesday's headline said, "WAR FOMENTERS DOFF THEIR MASKS: TRUMAN GIVES ORDERS FOR AMERICAN INTERVENTION," and a subhead consisted of Duclos' description of it as "criminal intervention." Thursday's headline spoke of "the Hitler type of intervention," and Thursday's editorial was solemnly entitled "Korea for the Koreans." On Friday, *L'Humanité* loftily headlined the Soviet Union's decision not to intervene in Korean affairs, ran an editorial that featured not only "Korea for Koreans" but "Viet Nam for the Viet Namese," and ran an editorial that asked, "Who are the *strangers* in Korea, Americans or Russians?" Saturday, things were rounded out with the headline "THE AMERICAN AGGRESSORS THROW THEIR INFANTRY INTO BATTLE AND BOMB THE CIVILIAN POPULATION."

On Saturday, the so-called independent Leftist but actually pro-Communist *Libération* contributed its bit by loyally hustling up more quotes from the *Times*. It quoted the correspondent Richard J. H. Johnston's explanation, in the June 27th *Times*, of the rout of the South Korean Army, citing his allusion to the unluckiness of the Rhee government, which was "generally ineffective, frequently incompetent, and occasionally unpopular;" referring to his mention of its "chaotic economy," the result of unproductive military expenses too heavy for the country's finances; and ending up with his statement that it is totally dependent "on United States economic, military, and political support for continued existence." Then, ceasing to quote from what it called the *N.Y.T.*, and speaking for itself, *Libération* glee-



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fully concluded, "*En somme*, Syngman Rhee has apparently been beaten because he was supported by the United States."

Thus ended the first week of French Communist propaganda, interpretation, reporting, and dialectic presentation for the faithful of the War of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. The French are as worried as the rest of the world is. They keep asking one another, and even more earnestly keep asking Americans here, as if each of us could speak for President Truman, "Do you think it will spread?"

FOR the sixth time in two and a half years, the Socialists have toppled a French government. Everybody is understandably cross with them except the thousands of ill-paid state and civil employees, who make up the greater part of the Socialist Party and whose proposed salary increase is what the Socialist deputies are standing pat on as their price for Parliamentary coöperation. Whatever government turns up next will have some prickly problems. It must balance the budget and then unbalance it enough to find some loose cash for these underpaid functionaries and for France's disgracefully underpensioned war cripples.

Delegations of war cripples from the First and Second World Wars have just gathered from all over France and, after a tragic, hobbling parade down the Rue Montmartre, held a strange seven-hour bivouac, ending at midnight, on the Place de l'Opéra, with tents, campfires, chow, card playing, songs, reminiscences, and, of course, attendant ambulances. Their slogan was "*Ajustez Nos Pensions!*" A quick twenty-five-per-cent increase was the adjustment they had in mind. The *mutilés* claim that, what with the high cost of living and the government's delay in classifying them according to its complex system, old soldiers are being paid sixty per cent less than they were getting right after the First World War. All the cripples wore their medals, and many wore blue poilu helmets from World War I. A few were the faceless men, or *gueules-cassées*, wounded before the days of widespread plastic surgery. Some had rolled up a World War II khaki trouser leg to show a metal limb; others, blind or legless, were in basket chairs pushed by their wives. A straw effigy representing L'Argentier, the symbol of all Ministers of Finance, was burned in front of the Opéra steps. At midnight, people coming out of the boulevard cinemas met the bemedalled cripples, straggling, limping, or being wheeled back to wherever they came from.

Further war memories—those of Americans, this time—will be revived when a monument to the Battle of the Bulge is unveiled in Bastogne the middle of this month, a gift of the Belgo-American Association. The artist who was in charge of decorating the monument is Fernand Léger, and it's too bad that his first plans were incompatible with the wintry Bulge climate, which those who escaped alive from the engagement in January, 1945, well remember. The monument proper, by the Belgian architect Georges Dedoyard, is forty feet high, and is like a five-point modernist star. On its tips Léger intended to place a series of pictures in brilliant mosaics, showing, in his style, G.I.s, their mothers, their wives, the American flag, the face and upraised hand of the Statue of Liberty, and some skyscrapers. Informed that exposed mosaics would not weather the Belgian winter, he designed more sober mosaics for the interior of a large crypt beneath the star. Three religious faiths will be represented, by a cross for Catholics, a branched candlestick for Jews, and the Old and New Testaments for Protestants. It is a pity that those almost gay original mosaics couldn't be used. The Bulge survivors would probably have liked them.

THE fantastically lively June season here came to an end only in the second dawn of July, amidst the joys and deceptions of the final, gigantic nocturnal seasonal fête, La Grande Nuit de Paris. Parisians said that this fête ironically brought together the greatest mass of cars and pedestrians since the exodus before the incoming Germans, just ten years ago. The fête took place on both banks of the Seine, with the riparian sections of the city, between and including the Alma and Iéna Bridges, set aside to make a vast pleasance and with entertainment divided into two camps, on opposite banks, of which the popular section, around the Palais de Chaillot, with tickets at two hundred francs, came off best. There the *populo* had tiptop outdoor vaudeville, with Edith Piaf, Charles Trenet, Larry Adler, and Laurel and Hardy, in a program that ran like clockwork and finished, with Swiss yodellers, at eleven, so that the merrymakers there, who were humble folk, could be home by midnight. Twenty thousand of them, though, stayed up and danced in the Palais de Chaillot square till dawn. But

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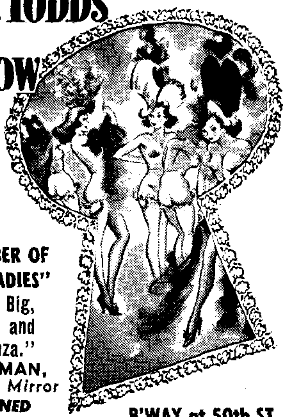

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the elegant three- to five-thousand-franc-ticket holders across the river got none of their more vulgar program, which had been scheduled to go on at midnight, like a night-club show, and was to include an aquaparade, led by Buster Crabbe, and, of all abnormalities in an exceptionally boiling summer, ice skaters. Perhaps fortunately, all that the swells, including the President of the Republic, saw was workmen fiddling with iron scaffolding that looked like an ultra-constructionist stage set, on a river float whose white satin roof apparently weighed too many tons to be suspended on cables from shore, as had been planned. As a soothing diversion, two fireboats were rushed up to give a hose display, but the spray dampened the evening gowns of squealing ladies. At one-thirty, the infuriated swells (who had been requested to be in their seats at ten-thirty) went home, after throwing their seat cushions and in most cases their tickets into the river—a mistake, since the tickets, at least, were redeemable.

However, the fireworks on the Tour Eiffel, which served both camps—and the whole city—as a fabulous chandelier, were the finest ever seen here. Hundreds of thousands of people packed the bridges and squares from as far down as Notre-Dame to as high up as the hills of Saint-Cloud to watch them. The *feux d'artifice* were created by the famous French pyrotechnician Maître Ruggieri, who has long gone without a first name and who puts on the annual July 14th fireworks in Paris and recently staged displays at the Montevideo Carnival, at Haiti's centenary celebration, and at the Monte Carlo investiture of Prince Rainier III. Shrouded in smoke, the Maestro personally operated his Tour Eiffel display from the second balcony, employing a twelve-button panel that set off the eighteen hundred component parts of the varicolored conflagration. Until eleven-thirty, the Tour, covered by a patina of floodlights, looked as if it had been freshly painted white. Then it was suddenly darkened, and from all three of its balconies burst an apotheosis of fireworks in showers, balls, streamers, rockets, and what looked like silver and gold clouds of burning snowflakes. To the handful of us gaping near the base of the Tour—oddly, the only empty space—the finale was a magical, thunderous bombardment of explosives, going off in artfully patterned flames, and above them the Tour seemed to rock peacefully in the night sky.

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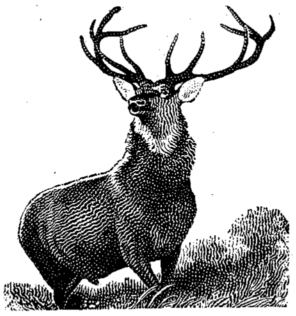

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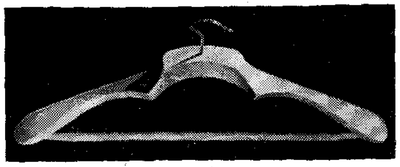

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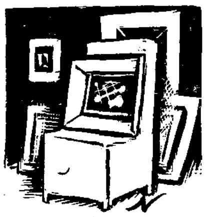
THE ART GALLERIES

Two Summer Exhibitions

FRESH from preliminary showings at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art and in Washington and destined for a tour of museums in other cities, the exhibition of paintings, prints, and other works by the late-nineteenth-and-early-twentieth-century Norwegian artist Edvard Munch is now installed at the Museum of Modern Art. Sponsored by the government of Norway and made up almost entirely of pieces from official collections, it is an imposing affair, with some sixty oils and a hundred other items—and if the name and the works of the artist are unfamiliar to you, don't be too embarrassed, for that, till lately, has been the case with most of us in this country. Although Munch was unquestionably Norway's greatest painter, with a reputation that extended through the rest of Europe, little has been known of him in the United States, and one admirable feature of this show is that it gives us—belatedly, it is true, since he died in 1944—a comprehensive and quite comprehensible introduction to him.



The exhibit may dispel some claims that have been made for him by his more enthusiastic admirers during the recent resurgence of interest in his work. But it ought to serve, too, to establish him as a figure of considerable importance in the history of modern art. Born in 1863, ten years later than van Gogh and fifteen years later than Gauguin, he forms a link between them and the German Expressionists—most of whom were, like Franz Marc, born just about a generation after him—a fact that must be taken into account in all studies of the development of Expressionism.

As the show reveals, however (see "The Hospital Ward," done in 1881, as well as the "Self-Portrait" of the following year and "Inger Munch in Black" of two years later), his early paintings were all done in the dark, realistic, and rather Munich style of the period. He appears from the start, though, to have been quick to adopt and to adapt new ideas. It was not until 1889 that he made his first real visit to Paris, when he was twenty-six. Then he spent the better part of three winters there, and the effect on his style was immediate. There are touches of Pissarro in his "Spring Day on the Karl Johan," done in Norway in 1891, and of Toulouse-Lautrec in the darkly luminous and very handsome portrait of Dagny Juell Przybyszewski, while his "Kiss by the Window" has a boldness of design and a tendency toward broadly massed forms that suggest certain paintings by Manet.

This last picture, it seems to me, is a particularly important one in the development of Munch's career as an artist. Manetesque though it is in design—and also, to some extent, in its palette—there is a strange, moody, half-symbolic atmosphere about it that sets it apart from anything the Impressionists had attempted, and that Munch was to expand and embellish until it became the quality that not only distinguished his paintings but gave them their main historical importance. Fundamentally, it is a willingness to distort both the drawing and the color to gain emotional effect, and the odd thing is that Gauguin (at least in his Brittany pictures) and van Gogh were exploring the same idea at more or less the same time. Munch, however, seems to have come upon the principle independently, and he used it with a far keener eye to its dramatic possibilities.

This idea is evident in "The Cry," perhaps Munch's best-known painting, in which the shriek of a girl standing on a wooden pier is echoed, so to speak, by the swirling concentric curves and the clashing colors of the landscape behind her, and he used it again in such pieces as "Jealousy," with its gray-visaged man in the foreground, and the dark and curiously moving "By the Death Bed." But it was not till his "Melancholia" and "The Red Vine," both of 1900, that he realized the full possibilities of the method, and since such canvases as these—and "People on the Shore" and "Two Workmen," as well as "Winter Landscape with a Pine Tree," of a decade after—were the ones most observed by the young German artists of the time, it may be said that his influence on the rise of Expressionism in Germany just before the First World War was direct and instant.

Unfortunately, Munch had a serious limitation that, I think, kept him from attaining true greatness as an artist. To be sure, his best work has a strength that at times—as in "Marat's Death," In the finest *Clubs* throughout the world,

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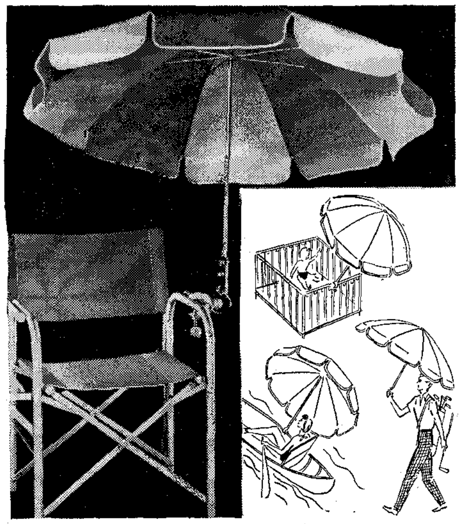

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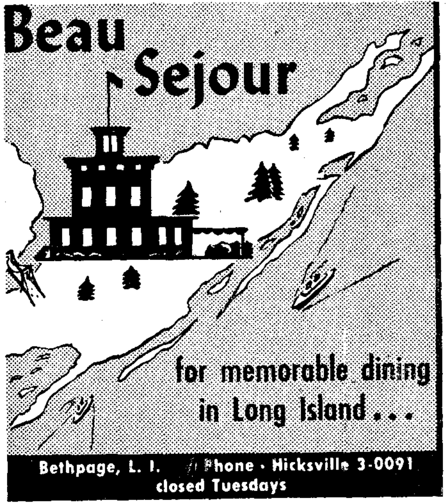

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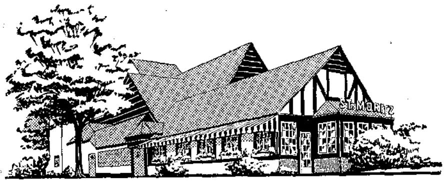

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“Galloping Horse,” and “Workmen Coming Home”—is almost brutal in its intensity, and a number of his landscapes, such as “Train Smoke” and “White Night,” have a stern yet evocative serenity. His woodcuts and other prints, too, reveal a mastery of these media that is generally amazing. It is in his range of artistic inventiveness that his weakness lies. Far too often the same symbols and patterns are employed, while in his handling of the subjects his inclination toward the overdramatic and the super-emotional frequently leads him (see such pieces as “Vampire,” “Ashes,” and “The Island”) pretty close to the bathetic and the banal. On the whole, I'm afraid that he will be famous chiefly as a precursor and an innovator rather than as a major figure in his own right.

THE summer show at the Metropolitan, of nearly two hundred and fifty works by nearly two hundred artists, all taken from the Museum's American holdings, which were recently enriched by the gift of the Stieglitz Collection, provides a partial answer to that perennial mystery of the art world, “What ever happened to the Hearn Fund?” The Hearn Fund consists of two gifts, each of a hundred thousand dollars, made in 1906 and 1911 by the department-store merchant George A. Hearn, to be used for the purchase of contemporary American painting, and ever since then eager-eyed and hungry young artists have been angrily demanding that the money be spent. Well, not all the institution's purchases are publicized, of course, and though the evidence is abundant that the Museum has never been overly generous in its support of the more vigorous trends in American art, this show indicates that it hasn't been entirely inactive, either, or quite as foolish in its acquisitions as has sometimes been supposed. The exhibition, which ranges from such nineteenth-century figures as Eakins, Ryder, and Sargent to the present, is too big and diverse for cataloguing here. But the selections, on the whole, are sound, and the arrangement of the exhibition, as it moves through the various phases of our development, is remarkably orderly and well considered.—ROBERT M. COATES

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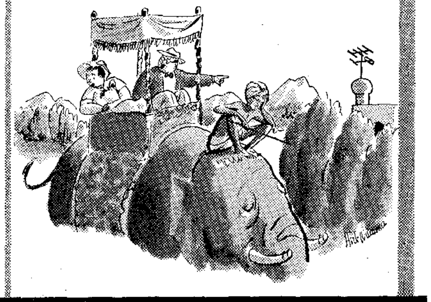

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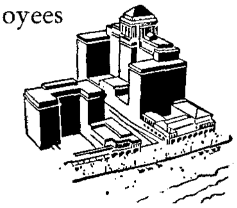

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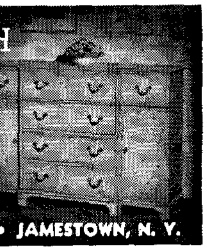

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THE RACE TRACK

Scattered Returns

MAYBE the moon is in its mad quarter. How else could anyone account for the goings on of some racers recently? For example, Guillotine, who hadn't done much worth mentioning since he won the Futurity last October, led all the way in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct. Then there was the inexplicable performance of Middleground, who finished third in the Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park. And while Sheilas Reward was the best-looking animal in the Fleetwing Handicap at Jamaica the other day, nobody dreamed that he'd do the six furlongs in 1:09⅗—Golden Gate Fields stuff—but he did.

On the other hand, the result of the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last week could hardly be put down as a surprise. My Request, who won it, had given a good show in the Suburban (he lost in the last stride), and he has always run well over the Aqueduct course. As for Cochise, who was the favorite for the Brooklyn, I don't suppose there is a handsomer gray horse in the business, but while a lot of people were admiring the finer points of his conformation, they forgot that he was carrying unusually high weight and that he loathes getting his feet wet. The track was listed as fast, but a couple of heavy showers during the afternoon gave the footing just the consistency Cochise doesn't like. He finished fifth.

THOSE ugly fizzing noises you may have heard on the Fourth were the blowing up of all the parlays with Middleground in them. Racegoers are now in something of a quandary about the colt they had as good as decided was the season's best three-year-old. From all accounts, he ran an even, and somewhat dull, race in the Leonard Richards, failing to buckle down in the stretch and catch Post Card, who won, and County Delight, who was second. Max Hirsch, his trainer, offered no excuses. Middleground's ankles, he said, were as sound as they'd ever been; the track was all right, too, and so on. He did think that perhaps the colt hadn't had enough rest, so he didn't send him to Chicago for the Classic Stakes at Arlington this weekend. It was suggested in other quarters that the high weight Middleground carried had slowed him down. Well, it seems to me that if he couldn't give eleven pounds to Post Card, who had won only two minor races early this spring, he isn't quite the Horse of the Year.

After a careful study of the probable starters in the Classic, I'd say that the race is between Your Host and Oil Capitol. No doubt, as this is written, Californians are building a mighty beacon to shine out over Greater Los Angeles on Saturday night and tell the faithful of Your Host's victory. Oil Capitol, however, has been in winning form more recently; on Independence Day, he beat a big field in the Equipoise Mile at Arlington. Be that as it may; I shall make no predictions.

FOR one reason or another, the Greentree Stable hasn't had much success in the more important races this season. Its luck seems to have turned, though, for after Guillotine won the Carter, One Hitter came through beautifully in the Questionnaire Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. I was more interested in Greentree's Capot, who finished third to Sheilas Reward and Guillotine in the Fleetwing. It was his first appearance this year, and I liked the way he finished. He is decidedly worth remembering for the handicaps to come. One Hitter, who is one of the smaller horses in training—he's four, but he isn't quite fifteen hands high—did some lively running in the Questionnaire. To beat Greek Ship, by inches, he stepped the mile and a sixteenth in 1:42⅖, knocking a fifth of a second off the track record for the distance, set twenty-five years ago by a colt named Sting. Sting was one of James Butler's favorite racers and the sire of Questionnaire, after whom the race was named.

SPEAKING of luck, as we were, Arcaro's isn't so good these days. He had a mount in every stakes race at Aqueduct and has been in each one run so far at Jamaica—eleven, all told—and finished first in only one of them.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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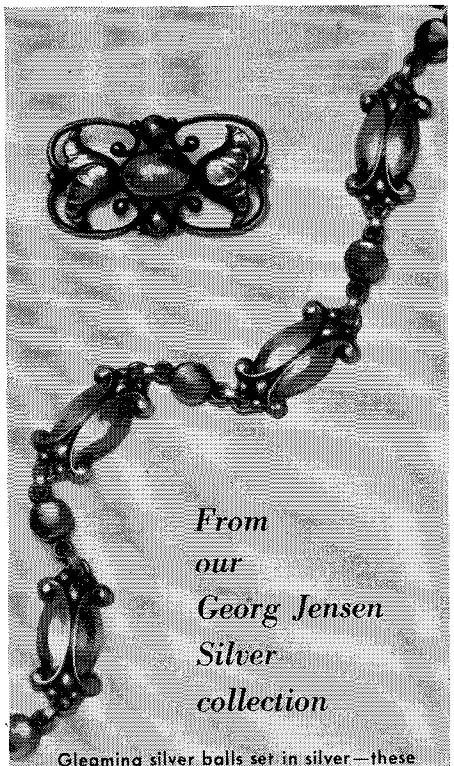

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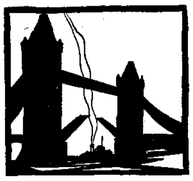
LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 5

THE Korean news, breaking simultaneously with the Parliamentary debate on the Schuman Plan, which ended in a winning vote for the Government, effectually knocked everything out of alarmed Londoners' heads except the question of whether this could be the surprise opening move of the Stalin Plan, on which nobody would be given a chance to vote. The summer weather and the headlines on the newspaper posters, which worried passersby stopped to read incredulously, as though they were having difficulty spelling them out, all had a nagging familiarity, like a line out of something one had forgotten for years and had hoped never to remember again. Among all the uncertainties, the only thing on which Britons seemed to agree, and with relief, was that the Government, by backing up President Truman's announcement so promptly, for once could not be said to have dragged its feet. The almost solid approval of this action has, of course, been qualified by expected voices from the Left and points East. The *Daily Worker* has obediently churned out the line about brave little North Korea's wicked aggressor, the cat's-paw of American imperialism. The Labour member for the Welsh mining community of Merthyr Tydfil, where the Soviet has admirers, has presented a motion in the House of Commons asking that British naval forces be withdrawn from the Korean area forthwith and that Britain repudiate all entanglements with "two powerfully and dangerously poised hostile groups." At the beginning of the week, Grosvenor Square was patrolled by various Communist contingents with pamphlets and posters, all of them eyed calmly by the extra bobbies posted near the American Embassy.



A less hackneyed reaction—this time from the Right—has created a great rumpus, though if the public were both candid and courageous, it might well ask why. This was the uncomfortable question put to the House by a thirty-eight-year-old Conservative member, Major Peter Roberts, on the possible use of the atomic bomb against an aggressor—words that should be kept well down in the murkiest layers of the subconscious, to judge by the outraged hubbub that followed. All parties immediately acted like scalded cats. The Conservatives issued a sharp statement saying that though the offender was of their Party, the disgraceful *faux pas* was not going to be dumped on their doorstep, because they disowned it completely. However morally sound this attitude may be, there are anxious Britons who believe it's also an unrealistic blinking of the fact that the terrible bundle is on all our doorsteps, waiting for time and necessity to unwrap it, and who feel that a few soul-searchings on the facts of life and death might be a good idea while there's still an opportunity. Meanwhile, Major Roberts has put down his question for formal discussion in Parliament, which will probably give him a further shocked pasting.

While anxiously watching events in Korea, Londoners seem remarkably calm, considering all things. Or, to the casual observer, downright phlegmatic. The salesgirl who chirped to a customer "Well, we don't want another war, do we, just when they've taken petrol off the ration?" was being either normally obtuse or sensible, depending on how you look at it. The most skittish section of the community was, as usual, the stock market, which had perked up smartly in the general jollity following the Government's relaxing of controls but wilted in the cold air from the East. Among the public, there seems to be less depressed talk about Korea than there is about England's recent defeat by the West Indians in the cricket Test Match at Lord's, and her still more crushing knockout by the American soccer team in the World Cup series at Belo Horizonte, Brazil, an event the press reported sombrely as a major disaster, under such stern headings as "WAKE UP ENGLAND!"

IT would be heartening to be able to report that the recent debate in Parliament on the Schuman Plan for integrating European industry, which Britain politely declined to join, did not accurately represent the feelings of Parliament or the people. On the contrary, it seemed to show that, whichever way they voted, all parties were basically as alike as peas—and not European *petits pois*, either. The arguments for and against accepting the invitation to the discussion of the Plan in Paris were presented from various angles and with different degrees of heat, but, by and large, most of the speakers in favor of it were apparently insisting that Britain ought to attend mainly to give a firm, non-federal "No" to the French government's proposals as they now stand. Mr. Churchill, who on this occasion was speaking for his own party and the Liberals, and might have been expected to voice the views of the United Europe movements he has led, added, plainly enough, that he could not conceive of Britain's being "an ordinary member of a federal union limited to Europe in any period which can at present be foreseen." Before the debate, Labourites had been saying comfortably that the Conservatives would support international pooling of coal and steel, and that this would be an unpopular platform for them in the next election, but the Conservatives' arguments lacked punch because they couldn't say that if they were in power, they would clasp the existing Schuman proposals to their bosoms. Indeed, quite a bit of what some Opposition speakers said didn't sound very different from the main objections of the Socialists. To the man in the street, the debate seemed bewildering, which wasn't surprising.

Most of the Left Wing press, naturally, stated their approval of the Government's stand, but the most inflammable burst of enthusiasm, which practically ignited the newsprint, came from the non-Socialist journals controlled by Lord Beaverbrook. On the Monday morning the Korean trouble hit the headlines, the *Express* ran alongside its Korean dispatch a sizzling Beaverbrook cable, with an equally bold head, that started, "Once more the enemies of the British Commonwealth seek to destroy us. It is their intention to break up the sterling area and to wipe away the last traces of imperial preference. They have a new and most dangerous weapon." For the enlightenment of befuddled readers who might have thought that this referred to some dark Communist scheme, it went on to explain that the weapon was, of course, the Schuman Plan. The swift fall of two French governments didn't exactly clarify anything in ordinary Britons' minds, either.

What really worries those people who bitterly lament the Government's staying away from the Paris talks is that this country's sizable contributions toward putting groggy Europe back on her pins economically and defensively, by loans in cash and in kind and by playing a leading part in the councils of the Organization for European Economic Coöperation, are in danger of being overlooked in the present flood of angry indictments of Britain as Europe's old-fashioned wallflower, knitting away at narrow, doctrinaire theories while the

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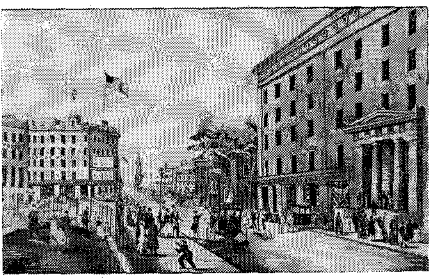

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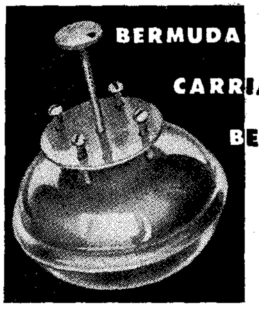

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rest of the nations adventurously get together. Lots of disappointed Britons think that their government's presentation of the facts has been clumsy and inept and that the continuing absence, through illness, of Mr. Bevin, who might have infused some fresh air into the corridors of the Foreign Office, is a tragedy.

If the current news has brought a slackening of business, it isn't yet apparent. London is chockablock with visitors and bursting with new shows to take their money. The Noel Coward musical "Ace of Clubs," which is reported to be a card out of the Master's reliable old melodic "Bitter Sweet" pack, is due to open this week. The opera season closed on Saturday at Covent Garden, when a packed and (for these days) unusually dressy house gave Flagstad a tremendous ovation for her magnificent vintage singing of Isolde. Covent Garden's production—also vintage, but of a bad year—rated nobody's applause, being remarkable chiefly for someone's idea that Tristan would be helped by a makeup reminiscent of Danny Kaye, including a fine, carroty mop of a wig.

The most exciting art exhibition is the display of modern Italian paintings at the Tate Gallery, organized by the Milanese Società Amici di Brera. The show contains superb examples of the futurist works of Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carra, and their school, as well as some beautiful Modiglianis, some of Giorgio Morandi's pale, poetical, bleached compositions, and a number of Giorgio de Chirico's early metaphysical landscapes with figures.

To Londoners strolling home these warm evenings, dance music frequently wafts across the squares from lighted houses where the young, in spite of taxation and austerity, are enjoying themselves in a way that the middle-aged say, with a sigh, isn't what it used to be, but it seems gay enough. Even down to the news in the folded evening papers under the peaceful strollers' arms, this feels like a sort of prewar Season.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

...a large red-haired woman with a plain angular face and round blue eyes, said, "I'm a nurse."...She was Miss Stewart...—*"Murder at Arroways," by Helen Reilly, page 83.*

...a plain square face, reddish hair, and round brown eyes; there was something in Miss Stewart's eyes that detained McKee.—*Ibid., page 174.*

That we can believe.

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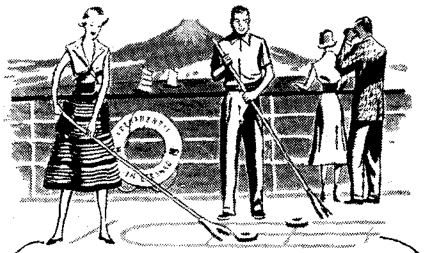

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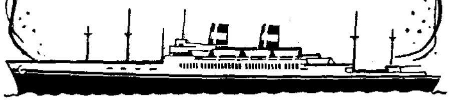

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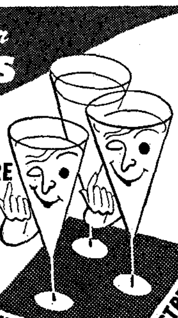

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Doctor, Doctor, Will I Die?

IN "Crisis," Cary Grant, as a doctor, and José Ferrer, as a dictator, demonstrate what might happen below the equator if an upstanding American surgeon were called in to operate on a pampas tyrant like— Who shall we say? Perón? This particular dictator has a tumor of the brain, and none of the local croakers is willing or able to undertake the job of excising it. However, the American doctor is not a man to flinch, no matter whose noggin is involved. But when he gets to the scene, he finds himself badgered on one side by the tyrant's henchmen, who want to make sure their boy gets back on his feet, and on the other by the opposition, which is anxious to have the man put away for keeps. It will hardly come as news to you that the doctor lives up to his Hippocratic oath and yet doesn't suffer thereby. If it weren't for the smooth performances of Mr. Grant and Mr. Ferrer, the picture would have nothing whatever to recommend it, and even with that advantage it is little more than a windy and confused discussion of that old problem—democracy vs. dictatorship. There are, though, a couple of reasonably funny scenes, particularly one in which Mr. Grant, flourishing a scalpel, outlines his plan of procedure to the tyrant. Besides the actors I've mentioned, "Crisis" has in its cast Gilbert Roland, as an overwrought revolutionist, and Signe Hasso, as the dictator's wife. Miss Hasso behaves as if she had only lately left the notions counter of a five-and-ten, but, considering the type of woman that dictators so often fall for, there's no use quibbling about her portrayal of a Latin-American first lady.

CINEMA
SUSAN

"WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS" is a fair-to-middling melodrama that has to do with the efforts of a tough detective to hide from his associates the fact that he has beaten a man to death in the course of one of his phrenetic interrogations. The victim was not only a weak sort but the husband of a toothsome lady for whom the detective goes off the emotional diving board the minute he lays eyes on her. In the circumstances, the representative of the law can't work up much remorse over the killing, but when his beloved's father, a taxi-driver, is accused of the crime, our hero begins to feel fidgety, and it isn't long before he is wrestling with his soul as furiously as a stylite. Along with other complications, incidentally, he is nagged by the thought that evil is in his blood, his sire having been a notorious hoodlum.

As written by Ben Hecht, "Where the Sidewalk Ends" has in its favor some dialogue that sounds reasonably authentic, and a lot of the sort of mayhem that keeps affairs like this moving. The cast, which struck me as satisfactory all along the line, includes Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, Gary Merrill, and Tom Tully.

"THE FLAME AND THE ARROW" is a staggeringly silly attempt to show what things were like in Lombardy back in the twelfth century, when Frederick Barbarossa had most of Italy under his muscular thumb. As an outlaw unwilling to coöperate with the Germans, Burt Lancaster is tirelessly gymnastic, and as Anne of Hesse, who has a case on the outlaw, Virginia Mayo wears her medieval robes with about as much dignity as a lady getting ready to do her bit for Minsky. Mr. Lancaster and Miss Mayo are surrounded by an assortment of falcons, peasants, and West Coast noblemen, none of whom appears to have any notion of what's going on. The item is in Technicolor.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

She slammed the door, locked it, and as she lay in the warm clear water, fragrant with the scent of the gardenia bath salts she had tipped into the tub, she wriggled her small perfect toes indignantly and listened to them opening up the apple compote Aunt Susie had sent for a wedding present, putting back the china lid, swishing among the clothes hanging in her closet.—*From a story by Grace Nies Fletcher in the Whittier (Calif.) News.*

You say she locked that bathroom door?

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[From the Tri-City (Wash.) Herald]

TOKYO, (AP)—Frank Hawley, Tokyo correspondent for the London Times, said today he has been advised he is considered "Persona Mongrata" by General MacArthur's headquarters. Persona Mongrata means a person that is not acceptable.

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THE ORIENTAL MIND

IN February of 1947, my husband went to South Korea to install an auditing system for the use of the Army Exchange Service, and I went with him. Though civilians, we were completely subject to military law and orders. We were assigned to a two-story house constructed of rice paper and bamboo; it was one of four houses built on a small hill, which, in turn, was one of a series of jagged hills surrounding Seoul. One morning, a week after we arrived, I had trouble starting a fire in our coal cooking stove, which was also the only means we had of heating the house. The temperature was two degrees above zero. I was muffled in an old parka the Army supply officer had issued to my husband, and I had two pairs of heavy mittens on. The coal had been left outdoors during a snowstorm the evening before, and was wet. The fire went out time after time. A movement in the doorway caught my eye, and I looked up and saw a young Korean.

"What is it?" I asked irritably. "What do you want?"

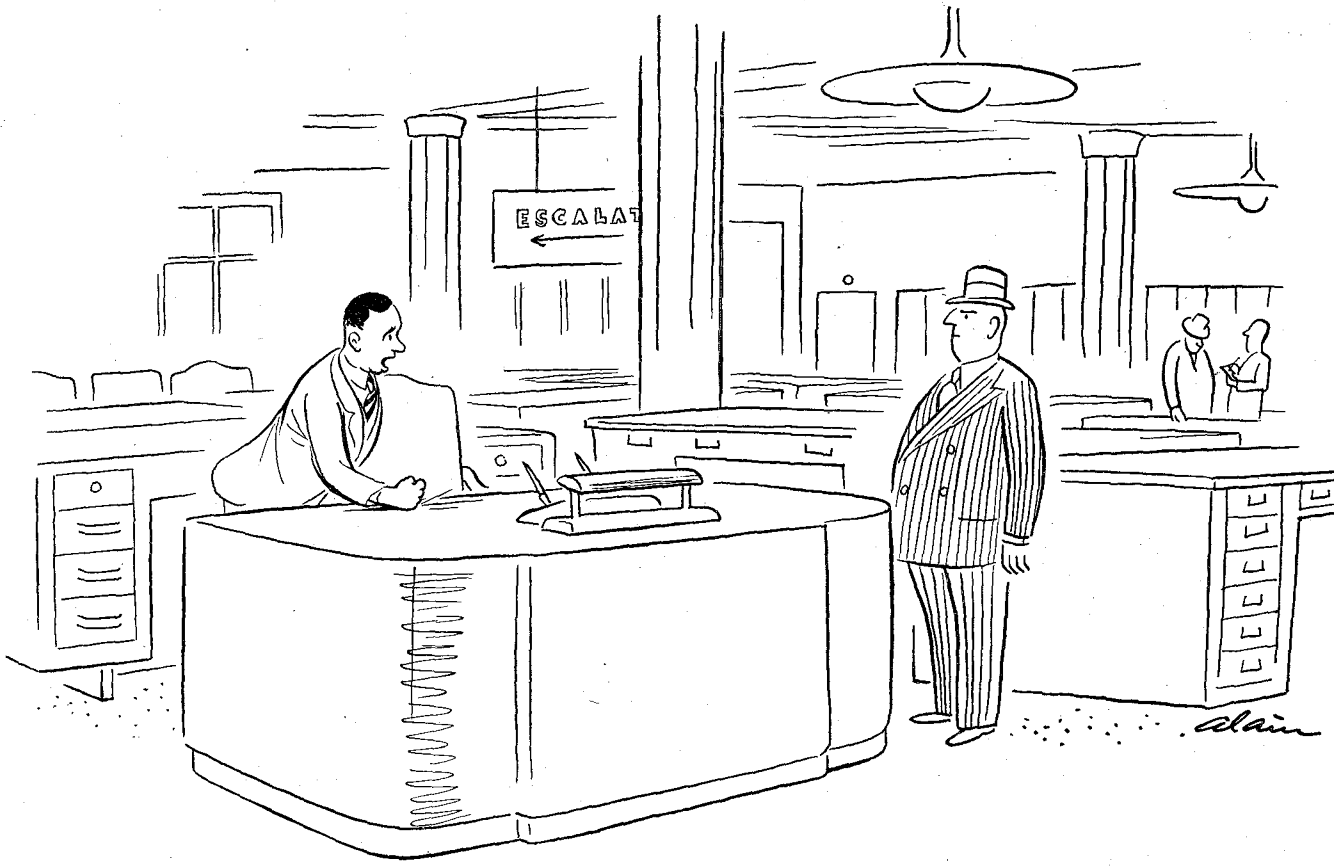
We had been besieged for days by beggars, who had eluded the military police stationed at the foot of the hill, and came to our door for alms. This boy looked even poorer than those who had come before him. He was about four feet tall and very thin, with a ghastly scar on his forehead. His feet were encased in rags, which were wound halfway up his legs. The rest of him was enveloped in an ancient coat and pants made of burlap retrieved, I found out later, from an Army dump, and ingeniously held together with rusted paper clips and bits of string. He twirled an old G.I. fatigue cap in one hand and then said, "You make fire, Lady?"

"*You* make fire?" I asked.

The indoctrination officer had told us not to let "uncertified" Koreans—and I was sure this boy was one of them—into the house. When the American troops came ashore three weeks after Japan capitulated, the natives met them with sullen silence, contempt, or jeers. The convoys, as they passed through the villages on the route from the seacoast of Seoul, were pelted with sticks, rocks, and even human feces. Once billeted in the capital, the troops were restricted to quarters until it was safe for them to circulate. After a year and a half, the jeers were less open but there was still a certain amount of danger. Resistance to the American occupation took the form of occasional acts of incendiarism, beatings, and underground activity that now and then flared up in street demonstrations. Unless a Korean was certified, it was better not to have him around. Also, the indoctrination officer had told us that they were inveterate pilferers. "Even the honest ones," he had said with a knowing smile, "will pilfer—especially clothing. But on certified Koreans we are able to maintain a better check. We can usually recover. Meanwhile, steer clear of the others." There were certain things in the boy's favor on this February morning—his smile, which I found it difficult to resist, and the fact that I was terribly cold, in need of help, and discouraged. He told me, on his knees in front of the stove, that his name was Kim Ko-san and that he was fourteen years old.

In a few minutes, the stove was cherry red. The wet coal had all been wiped dry and was toasting in a big open box beside the stove. The coal dust had been neatly removed from the matting, into which I had trampled it. A kettle of water was simmering to a boil on top of the stove.

I went into our bedroom to remove the parka and the two pairs of mittens, and then remembered that I had left my wristwatch on an end table in the living room. I hurried back through the house and found the boy curled up on the coal in the box beside the stove, fast asleep. My watch was where I



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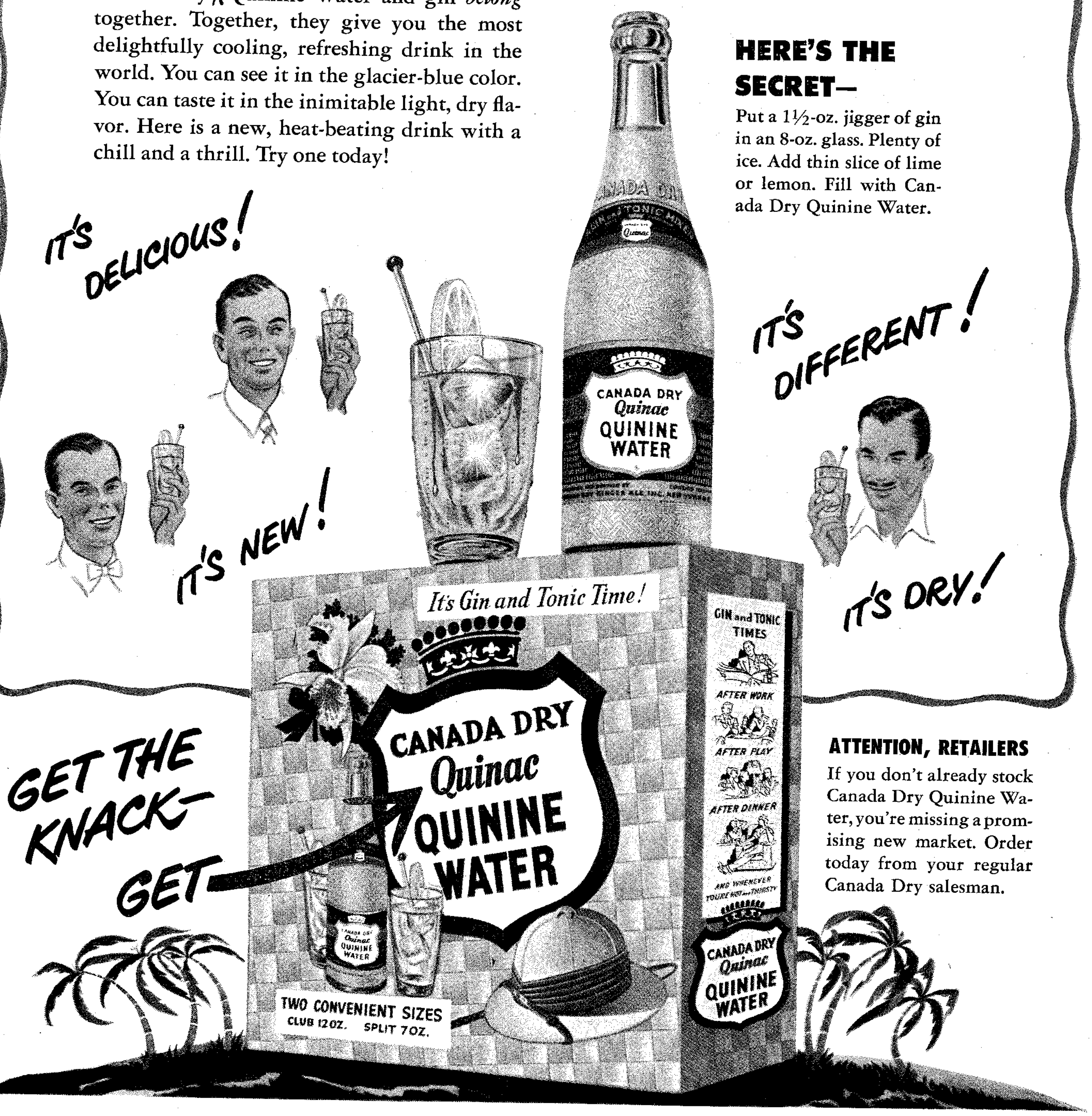
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had left it. I drew up a chair, put my feet against the bottom of the stove, and went to sleep, too. That was how Paul found us when he returned that noon.

Keeping the boy on was by no means easy to arrange. He was from Russian-occupied Korea and without identification papers. Fortunately, Kim Ko, who had been orphaned by a Japanese officer's sabre, had numerous relatives in Seoul, and they were anxious to vouch for him. And it so happened that among the intelligence officers was a man—I will call him Major Whitmore—whom I had known from his West Point days. Through his intervention, we managed to keep Kim Ko. Then there was the matter of health. Kim Ko, as part of the Army "certification," was required to produce an inoculation chart. Lacking one, he cheerfully submitted to a series of tetanus, typhoid, typhus, influenza, and cholera inoculations that would have immobilized Hippocrates himself, but they interfered not one bit with Kim Ko's performance of the duties he had now assumed for us.

Our Army acquaintances warned us against him when they learned how we had acquired him. "Just you wait," they said. The fact that nothing had been missed was disregarded. It proved only that Kim Ko was biding his time. "You'll see," they said.

There did seem to be one flaw in the arrangement: Kim Ko would not accept any salary. "No money," he said firmly at the end of his first week with us. "You, Lady, you good." He bowed to me. "And you, Mister, you very, very good. You give Kim Ko-san food, no money. O.K.?"

We told him that he would be fed in any event and that the money, based on the officially prescribed scale of pay, was rightfully his, but he still refused it. The Army people were ready with an answer to this also. The boy was smart enough to know that the yen wasn't worth anything anyway. What he wanted was things he could sell on the black market—cigarettes, sugar, clothes.

Kim Ko showed no interest in cigarettes or sugar. The clothes we gave him—hand-me-down underwear, shirts with the collars turned, often-mended socks, and a pair of shoes we bought for him at the PX—were all put away neatly in his little room at the back of the house. They were reserved for Sunday wear. Sunday was his day off, and he usually spent it with his relatives, who made a great ceremony of coming to get him. He always introduced us to them, gravely, and we, in turn, insisted that he

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serve his guests hot chocolate and cookies, which were minor household staples to us but delicacies to the native people.

The name Kim is so common in Korea as to be the equivalent of our Smith. We began calling the boy Mr. Smith, for a joke, and the name became a habit with us during the period when the boy himself was becoming an indispensable part of our household. Bamboo doors now slid smoothly back along the walls, where once they had jammed. Mr. Smith had fixed them. The pots shone and china was gleaming; worn spots in the floor mats suddenly disappeared as the result of almost indiscernible reweaving. Mr. Smith had been at work. Spring came and our garden burst into a magnificent display of bloom and greenery. Mr. Smith had occupied himself with a little gardening.

In the evening, whenever we did not have guests, he sat with us for hours, his eyes focussed unwaveringly on American magazines, whose contents, with explanations by my husband, were an unending source of satisfaction to Mr. Smith. He was particularly taken with the Cadillac advertisements. About girdled girls, uplift bras, and the White Rock "Psyche on the Rock" he maintained a discreet silence, but his embarrassment was betrayed by the quick turning of the page when he encountered one of them.

Under the stimulus of American advertising, Mr. Smith began to augment his knowledge of English at a rapid rate. His verbs were confined to the essentials—"want," "like," "go," "come," "cook," "wash," "fix," and a few others—but his command of nouns, after a month, was prodigious, far outstripping our own working knowledge of Korean, which was largely confined to "Please," "Come here," "I want you," and "Thank you."

As a companion, Mr. Smith was delightful. As a guide, he knew all there was to know. Entertainment and amusement for American personnel in Korea were necessarily limited. Movies and occasional U.S.O. shows helped to relieve the gloom. The Red Cross clubs provided game rooms for ping-pong, workrooms for leathercraft, and paints for young would-be artists. But these were not our métier, and after a time my husband and I became completely dependent on Mr. Smith for our diversion. He took us to museums and to Shinto shrines. We went with him to Korean taxi-dance halls and to nightmarish Oriental theatres—our clothing enveloped in clouds of DDT, on Mr. Smith's advice. Korean cafés were out of bounds, which was just as well, considering the warm *sake* wine, whose potency was sometimes literally blinding, but Mr. Smith arranged superb dinners at Kei Sang houses, where we were waited on by doll-like Korean beauties, who entertained us with classic dances and sweet, sad songs accompanied on a lute.

In return, we did our best to satisfy Mr. Smith's insatiable appetite for information about America. This included initiating him into the mysteries of Coca-Cola, which he drank with loud gasps of pleasure, and hasty swipes at his nose with the back of his sleeve as the carbonated liquid fizzed upward from his tilted glass. At such times, he ceased to be our competent houseboy and became a simple but incomparably intelligent fourteen-year-old who had attached himself to us and of whom we had become extremely fond.

I AM not sure exactly when we began to miss things. It must have been in our fifth month, about the time we began to talk of returning to the States. Paul had successfully completed the installation of the auditing system in record time, and it was almost physically satisfying to know that in another month we would be drinking fresh milk and gazing raptly at the ordered chaos of a Woolworth show window. I remember, though, the day my husband noticed that one of his favorite shirts, a pale-blue one with a Barrymore collar and French cuffs, was missing. He had often missed toilet articles, especially soap, after his overnight trips to Pu San and several other Army Exchange Service field offices, and we decided that the shirt had probably disappeared from his Gladstone on one of these trips.

Then one day I discovered that a half dozen of my pillowcases were gone. When Paul returned that night, I was too upset to mention it, especially in the presence of Mr. Smith, who hovered solicitously over us. There was a particular group of Army wives in Korea of which Georgia Whitmore, the Major's wife, seemed to be the epitome. They were all young, homesick, and disillusioned. They had come out hoping to share with their husbands the romance and splendor of the Orient, and all they had found was poverty and squalor. They never got over their initial disgust at the smell of the "honey carts" that gathered night soil twice daily from the housewives of Seoul. Their bitterness was directed especially toward the Koreans in their employ. I had learned very quickly to discount most of what they said about their servants. Such thievery as there was—and there was not an extraordinary amount of it—was part of the Koreans' struggle to live. I did not want to subscribe to the prevailing prejudice, and it was sickening, now that our linens had begun to disappear, to have to wonder if Mr. Smith had taken them. It seemed to bear out everything the disillusioned Army wives and the indoctrination officer had told us.

Later in the evening, at the Military Government club, I fortified myself with a double Scotch-on-the-rocks and broke the news to Paul.

"Do you think Mr. Smith took them?" he asked.

"Who else?" I said. "He's the only one who has access to the linens."

"Well," said my husband, "couldn't you have miscounted?"

"No chance," I said. Then, seeing that he was as disturbed as I was, I added, "But I still have the household declaration we gave the customs when we arrived. I'll check everything tomorrow. Perhaps I did count wrong."

THE next day was Saturday, so we waited until Sunday, Mr. Smith's day off, before starting our inventory. The inventory was finished in half an hour. There were appalling gaps in our wardrobe. Two of Paul's linen jackets were gone, as were three of his white shirts, a dozen handkerchiefs, and a half-dozen pairs of undershirts and shorts. My own losses were comparatively negligible: a white velvet evening jacket that I had never worn, six handkerchiefs, and the two kimonos Mr. Smith had helped me pick out on the Bun Chung.

The Bun Chung is the shopping district of Seoul. Mr. Smith had taken me there on many afternoons, approving or disapproving of my prospective purchases with a gravity out of all proportion to the jade trinkets or curiously shaped tea sets that caught my eye. Off the main thoroughfare was a little alley of miscellaneous stalls known as the Thieves' Market. It was there (ironically enough, I thought) that we had bought the two kimonos. They were of white silk. The hems fell below my ankles. The sleeves were very full. The collars and cuffs were of padded satin. They were very beautiful and luxurious, and after much wrangling we had

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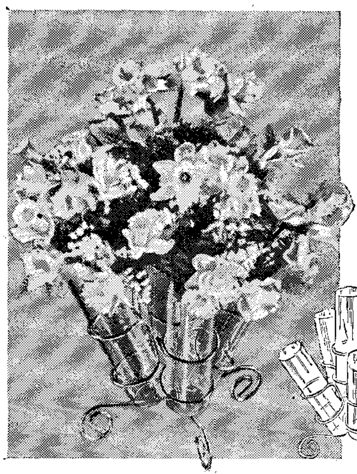

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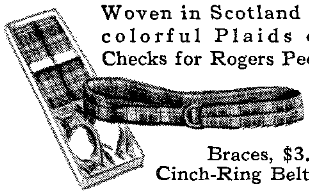

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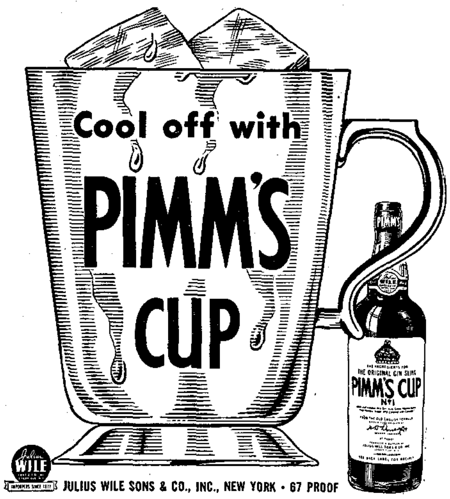

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bought them for a sum that in America would have been outrageously small.

"Mr. Smith has excellent taste," my husband said wryly when we discovered the total extent of our loss.

"But what are we going to do?" I asked.

"Not very much," Paul said. "We can't prove he took them. Besides, in another four weeks we'll be gone. Chalk it up to experience."

"Just the same," I said, "I'm going to check with the M.P. at the foot of the hill. Maybe sneak thieves have been around."

Our hill, and the four houses on it, had been owned by a Japanese rice tycoon. He had surrounded his private empire with a moat, which he kept full by means of a piped-in mountain stream, and a high, thick wall, in whose parapet broken glass was embedded. The entrance and the exit were the same. The M.P. who guarded it had noted nothing suspicious about Mr. Smith's comings and goings, and no sneak thieves had been noticed of late.

IN those next four weeks, Mr. Smith and I carried on a war of espionage that should have earned both of us colonelcies in the O.S.S. There were daily skirmishes over the linen-counting prerogatives. I was determined not to lose another thing. We watched each other with the intensity of two cats shadowing the same mousehole. While Mr. Smith dusted the bedroom, I examined the living room he had just done. When he went to the kitchen, I inspected the bedroom. His gardening activities and trips down the hill always found me hovering at one or another of the upstairs windows.

A week before we were to sail, I discovered that, in spite of all my efforts, four sheets were missing. I sat down in the living room, closed my eyes for a second, and then called Mr. Smith. He came promptly and, in response to a gesture from me, sat down, with his hands clasped in his lap.

"Smith-san," I said severely, "Lady and Mister not happy."

Mr. Smith shook his head and clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"Mister lose clothes," I said. "Lady lose clothes. You take?"

"No, Lady," he said, staring at the carpet. "Kim Ko-san no take."

"But, Smith-san," I said, with an attempt at patience, "only Lady, Mister, you here house."

"Kim Ko-san no take," he repeated. "Kim Ko-san no bad."

His attitude was neither sullen nor obstinate. Nor was it injured innocence. It wasn't anything. We both sat silent. I knew the futility of pressing him. Once before, during a visit to the Korean Y.M.C.A. that Paul and I had tricked him into, he had closed his mind to all forms of outward reality. My husband, who had been a track man during his college days, was an enthusiastic sponsor of the Y.M.C.A.'s athletic program, and Mr. Smith, for all his scrawniness, had the build and thigh development of a potential marathon runner. So we took him to the gymnasium one day. He watched without interest while boys his own age hurdled gym horses, pulled weights, and scampered through impromptu races. He said nothing. He did not respond even by the blink of an eye to our suggestion that he join in. He merely retired into his impenetrable self. We gave up then, and I gave up now.

"All right, Smith-san," I said, weary and sick at heart. "Lady and Mister forget everything."

He smiled and said, a little too eagerly, "O.K., O.K. And maybe now Lady take walk Bun Chung?"

DURING the last week, we packed. Only on the day before we were leaving did I discover that one of the new foot lockers we had bought at the PX was gone, too.

"Oh, well," Paul said tolerantly. "We won't need it now anyway. Mr. Smith probably needs it to cart his loot to the Russian Zone."

That night, we went to a dinner party at the Whitmores', and as we were leaving, Major Whitmore said, "About that Korean boy—did he work out all right?"

"As well as any of them, I guess," I said, slipping into my coat. "Why?"

"I thought we might find a place for him with a family that's just come over," he said.

"Good Lord!" Paul said. "You don't want to do that!"

We told Major Whitmore the story.

"Well, the little double-crossing gook!" he exclaimed when we had finished. "Why didn't you tell me before? Do you want to recover? It's simple enough to send the M.P.s around tomorrow and pick him up."

"It's not that important, really," Paul said. The thought of Mr. Smith in the none too gentle hands of the M.P.s at headquarters was disagreeable to both of us. "Anyway," my husband added, "we're not really sure he took the things."

"Just the same, it's a loose end we

ought to tie up," Major Whitmore said. "Maybe the next couple won't get off half so easy."

When we returned, there in the hallway were our crated possessions. We had delayed moving the crates from various parts of the house until the following morning, when sufficient help would be available. Miraculously, while we had been out of the house, they had all been assembled.

The next morning, there was no sign of Mr. Smith. His room was clean and bare. How or when he had removed his belongings we didn't know. Neither Paul nor I admitted it at the time, but we both felt that we had been dealt the coup de grâce. This stealthy exit disposed of our last, lingering belief in Mr. Smith's innocence.

"I just don't understand it," I said.

"Don't try," Paul said.

The truck we had arranged to have take us to the boat came, and our crates were loaded on it. As we climbed into the cab, the G.I. driver muttered under his breath, "To hell with Korea! You folks are sure lucky."

IT was a thirty-mile drive to Inchon, where our ship, an Army transport, was waiting, and there wasn't much time to spare. Stateside accommodations for civilians were allotted grudgingly, on a rigid schedule. If we missed this ship, there was no telling when two more berths would be available. If we were late in arriving at the dock, the ship would undoubtedly leave without us; it had happened to others. We drove fast. I kept noticing in a preoccupied way, for the last time, the little villages through which we passed, the houses with their baked-mud walls and queer, rounded straw-thatched roofs, the fields of enormous onions and perfect cabbages, the green rice paddies, and the Koreans, dignified, handsome, and disdainfully oblivious of us and our Army truck. The Oriental mind, I thought. The inscrutable Oriental mind.

While we were seeing our hand luggage through the Army inspection center, a long shed open on four sides and surrounded by barbed wire, I spotted Mr. Smith standing in a group of natives near the exit. I avoided looking in that direction again, and tried to concentrate on getting our bags through. Well, at least, I thought, he came to make sure we got on the ship.

A moment later, an M.P. touched me on the shoulder and said, "A Korean down the line wants to see you,

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Miss. He says he's your houseboy and he has something for you."

Paul looked at me questioningly.

"It's Mr. Smith," I explained.

His eyebrows went up.

We put our luggage on one of the transit trucks and walked over to Mr. Smith. We had only a few minutes left; the last stragglers were going on board. Mr. Smith was fidgeting in his excitement. His eyes glittered and he kept nervously plucking at his Army fatigue cap. He was surrounded by his relatives, and at his feet was our shiny new foot locker, the foot locker we had bought at the PX.

"Kim Ko-san good boy," Mr. Smith said humbly. "Kim Ko-san no bad, not steal clothes Lady, Mister."

None of his relatives understood English, but they were obviously proud of this speech. They grinned and bowed. One of the children bent over the foot locker and unfastened the hasps.

"Kim Ko-san and family come say bye-bye," Mr. Smith said, radiant with happiness. "Bring presentos." He raised the lid of the foot locker.

The first thing that caught my eye was my white velvet evening jacket, but something had happened to it. It had been transformed, and was now brocade. Mr. Smith held it up, and my heart leapt to my mouth. The jacket was covered with Korean designs, all done in exquisite needlework, peach and pastel blue interwoven marvellously with gold threads. The patience it implied was staggering. I could only stare as Mr. Smith unpacked the foot locker, barely pausing to hold up each piece of embroidered linen before dropping it and seizing another to dazzle us with. The breast pockets of my husband's two linen jackets were masterpieces of needlework; his initials had been worked out in black and orange, in the manner of a crest. The sheets and pillowcases had monograms of jade green, on which had been superimposed, in pink, figures from Korean mythology. Each of our handkerchiefs had become an embroidered scene; under weeping-willow trees, blue-kimonoed girls were serving tea, tossing balls, or playing lutes.

The embroidery was more than a beautiful present to us. It meant I did not dare think how many hours of labor that might have been more profitably spent—for Mr. Smith's relatives, that is—in tilling their ravaged fields on the outskirts of Seoul. It meant even more. Thread of any kind, and especially colored thread, was practically nonexistent in Korea, as I knew from personal experience. The price of a single spool, if you were lucky enough to find one, was roughly the equivalent of two American dollars, and this sum, when translated into the inflated yen, was, of course, very large. Dozens of spools of silk thread had been needed for this act of love. In a casual way that denied all such complications, Mr. Smith stood beside his parting gift, and the child who had unfastened the foot locker now began to repack our clothes in it. Except in the National Museum in Seoul, I had seen no such examples of Korean needlework, which are nevertheless famous and coveted by Americans of taste living in Korea. I had been told that they were simply unobtainable. No other American, so far as I knew, had ever possessed anything like them. I was deeply touched and deeply ashamed of having doubted our friend.

As Paul and I were trying, in pidgin English, to thank him, there was a blast from the ship's whistle. We had been engrossed in the treasures in the foot locker and so failed to notice that all personnel were now on board. A colonel came up to us. "Time to go," he said. "The gangway's going up."

"Oh, no!" I protested. "We've got to get this piece of luggage through inspection."

"Not this trip, lady," he said kindly. "Maybe the next."

I turned to Paul, who shook his head sadly and said, "I'm afraid it's impossible."

"I won't leave all those beautiful things!" I said. "We *can't* leave them."

Paul reminded me patiently that there wasn't time to fill out the necessary forms, even if they had been kept on hand at the embarkation shed, which they weren't. The forms were in the Sang Do depot, thirty miles away. They would have had to be countersigned by a host of prerogative-conscious officers whose successive individual inspections would have included searching for weapons and quartermaster's supplies being spirited out, confiscation of *verboten* bottles of *sake*, and mass sprinkling of everything with layer upon layer of DDT powder. Neither was it possible to carry out all this required inspection with the help of a third person, even if we could have arranged it; Army manuals for occupied countries are written with calculated indifference to a power of attorney. Mr. Smith would simply have to keep his gifts.

Paul took me by the arm. The gangway began to creak, and with a hurried "Goodbye, Mr. Smith! Goodbye, goodbye!" we broke into a run and hurried up the gangway with about two seconds to spare. Beneath us, the engines were thrumming. The gangway was hauled alongside. We were clearing the dock. Suddenly a jeep drove up and came to a halt near the entrance to the shed. Out stepped two M.P.s, one of whom I recognized as the sentry stationed at the foot of our hill. He held what appeared to be a hurried colloquy with two other M.P.s, standing nearby. Then all four of them started walking toward the knot of Koreans around our foot locker. Alarmed, I said to Paul, "You don't think they've come for Mr. Smith?"

"If they have," he said, "we've got to do something."

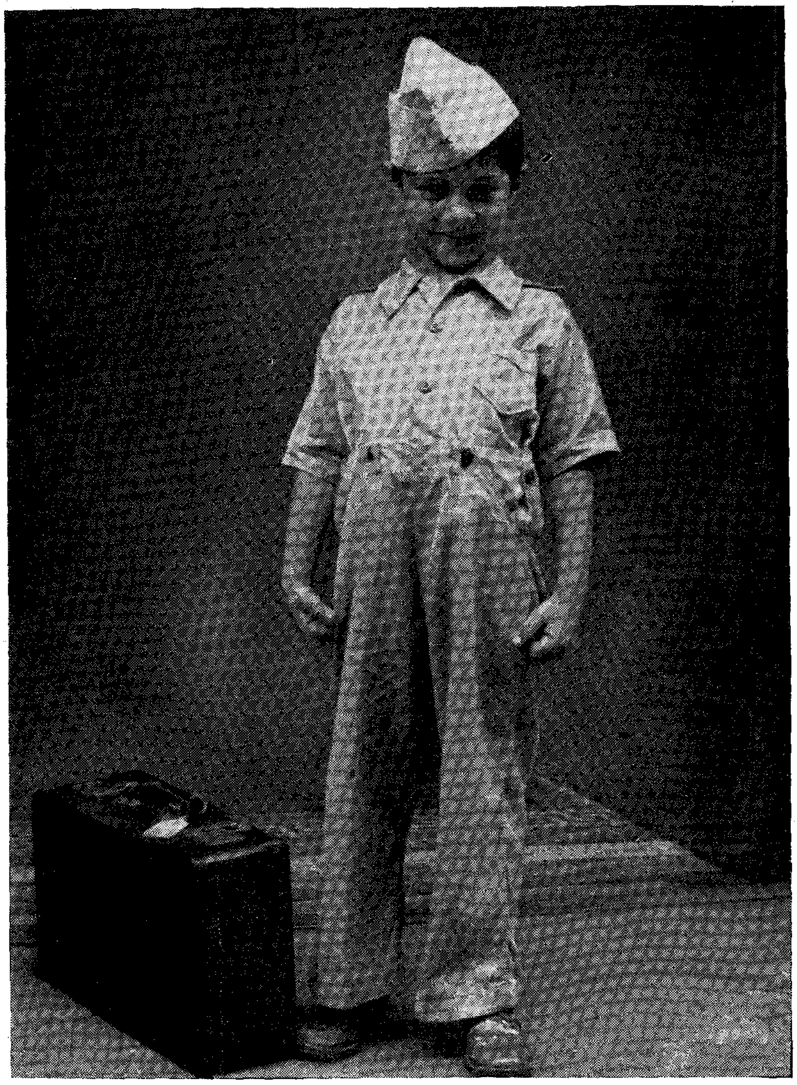
We saw Mr. Smith give one of them his papers. They paid no attention to the explanations we shouted across the water at them. They were acting under military orders, which we, as civilians, ought to have known better than to try to meddle with. Mr. Smith began gesticulating frantically, first toward the foot locker and then toward our ship. The M.P. put Mr. Smith's papers in his pocket. Two of the other M.P.s picked up the foot locker as the fourth clamped his hand on Mr. Smith's arm and led him toward the jeep, with the relatives following like a flight of locusts. The M.P. turned and shooed them away. Mr. Smith turned, too, but he did not look at his family. He looked straight at us. I saw Paul measure with his eyes the increasing distance from the ship to the shore, the distance from the rail to the water, and at that moment a hand was clamped on *his* arm.

We were received on the ship under the same rules of procedure as the G.I.s. Fuming with impatience and anxiety, we stood in front of a desk, answered questions, and submitted to an exasperating wait while an imperturbable sergeant stressed certain of the ship's privileges that we were not to share in, including library privileges, promenades on any deck other than A Deck, and use of the ship's wireless for personal messages.

When he finally released us, we hurried to the top deck and tried to make out what was going on at the dock, far across the water and growing smaller and smaller. A thin, harried Army wife was standing at the rail beside us, and Paul asked her if she saw what had happened to the Korean boy.

"The M.P.s took him away," she said bitterly. "Another of them! They steal and steal you blind. I'm glad I'm going home. The young ones, like *that* one"—she pointed to the shore—"are

STILL WAITING...



BACK in April, Walter was a happy child. That was when a CSS physician examined him for camp and gave the boy a medical okay.

Since then Walter has been waiting. School is over, vacation time has come, his bag is packed. Still he waits.

He is among 1,263 children selected from families under CSS care. Many of these children are still clutching their camp application forms, still waiting.

Who are these children who were specially chosen for camp out of all of the thousands known to CSS? There is the child who is upset by troubles at home . . . the youngster who is undernourished . . . the little girl who has been ill during the winter . . . the boy whose father deserted the family.

They are the children who are waiting.

Your contribution will help send these children to CSS camps in the next few weeks. Your gift will take them off the waiting list and transplant them to the country.

Won't you please mail your check today to—

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(Chartered in 1848—nonsectarian)

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Studio Apartments

NOW LEASING
1, 2 and 3 large rooms with serving pantries. Newly furnished and beautifully redecorated. *Air-conditioned* transient accommodations also available from $10 single.

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GENERAL MANAGER
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BRUSSELS RESTAURANT AND JADE BAR

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the SMARTEST Show
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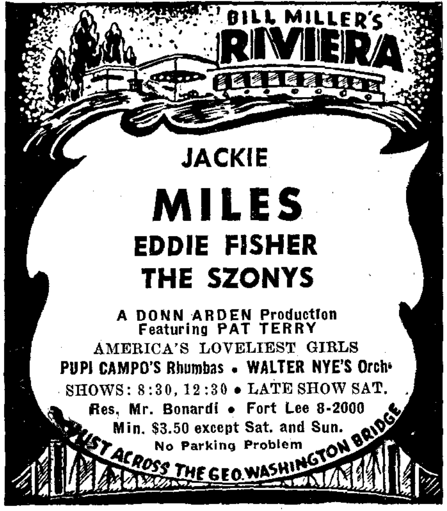
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0949
DINNER $2.50



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THE SZONYS
A DONN ARDEN Production
Featuring PAT TERRY
AMERICA'S LOVELIEST GIRLS
PUPI CAMPO'S Rhumbas • WALTER NYE'S Orch.
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Res. Mr. Bonardi • Fort Lee 8-2000
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No Parking Problem
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the worst. The one I had stole all my baby's diapers. You think they're too young to know the tricks, but they do. At the last minute, when they know you can't do anything about it, they show up at the dock with all your things. 'You take back, please?'" she mimicked. "They've brought the stuff back, see, but you can't get it through in time. I've seen it happen too often. I've been here two years."

IMMEDIATELY after docking in Seattle, we wrote to Major Whitmore, but he had been transferred to another post, and we never learned the disposition of Mr. Smith's case. The trick that the woman at the rail spoke of we had known about. It was not usual, but it did happen, and Americans confronted with the things that had been stolen from them either walked away in disgust or called the M.P.s, who, in the general uncertainty about the Koreans' motives, contented themselves with a kick and a curse, or arrested the thief and then immediately handed him over to the Korean police. It is unlikely that they would have listened to Mr. Smith's story or believed that he had borrowed our things in order to turn them into works of art. But whatever ordeal he went through, I am sure that from the moment he gave us that last, backward glance as the M.P. led him away, his attitude was that of a person withdrawn and uninterested.

—P. C. TULLIER

•

Moose and bear are spotted along the road, and the comparative loneliness of the road makes for friendliness among strangers, so that one rarely has to ask for a helping hand when stranded by car trouble.—*The Times.*

We'll tackle this alone, thanks.

•

RIPON, WIS. (UP).—Fifty volunteer workers today launched a campaign to raise $50,000 to build a memorial—preferably a hotel—to the founding of the Republican party here a century ago.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

Television set in every smoke-filled room?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in Westchester Life*]

CHEQUIT INN
SHELTER ISLAND

The rave notices about the charm of this historic island and Carletto Franzoni's Chequit Inn are understatements! Guests write postals, "Having wonderful meals." As for the service, they agree . . . it's tips!

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in cool studios*
to language-minded
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Beach pails filled with sand toys. $2.50 to $3.
Hand-knitted bathing suits. 1 to 4 yr. size. $8.95.
We make a specialty of new bassinettes and we re-cover old ones.
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"delicious food"

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Inches in three short weeks
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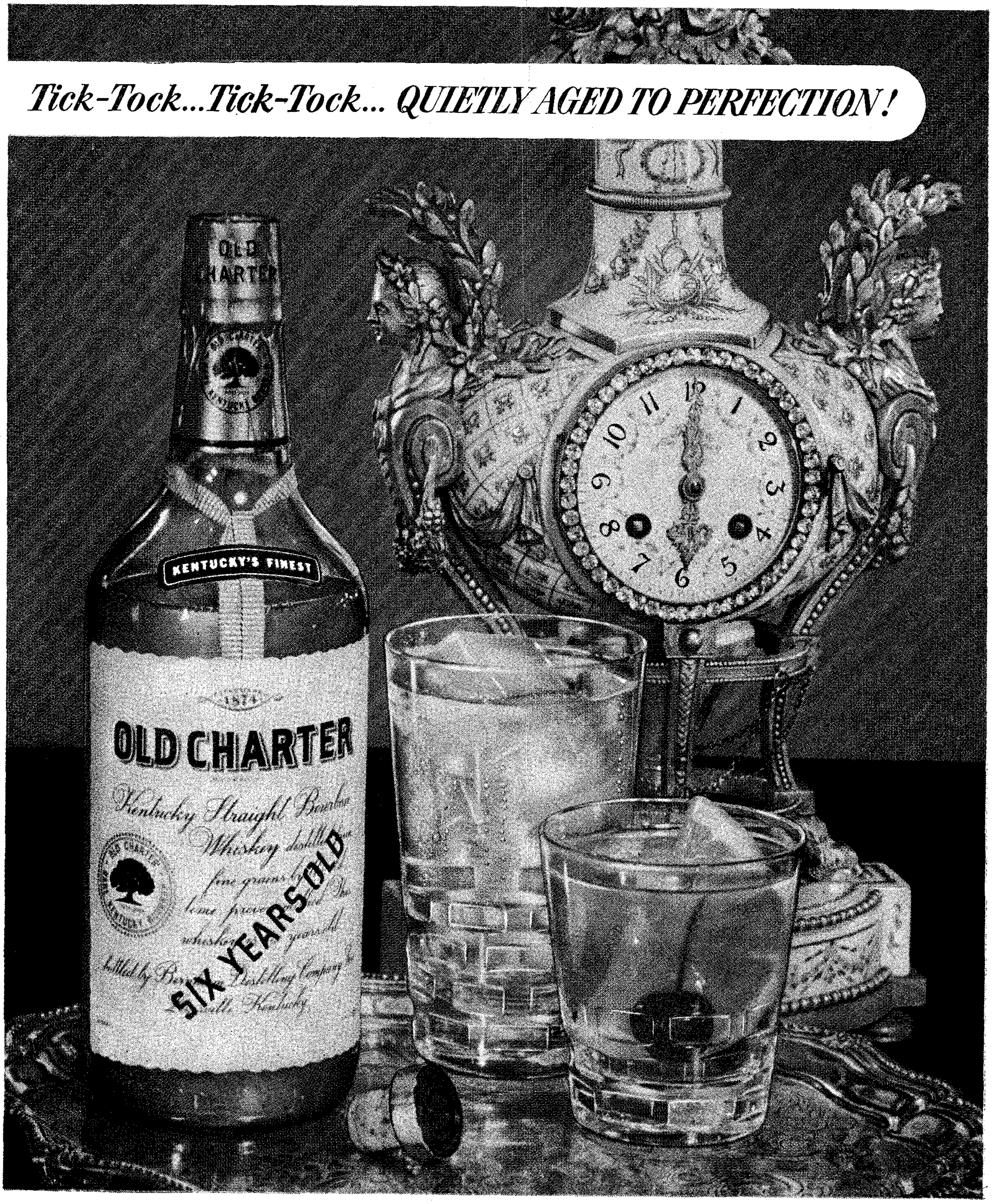
and WALK to Tanglewood
for the concerts this summer
MOZART, BACH SERIES—July 8-29
Fishing, swimming, boating, tennis
100 acres for loafing
Write to Stephanie Frey Barber, Lenox, Mass.
Our Berkshire Almanac available on request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OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
1874
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SIX YEARS OLD

SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this . . . Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky . . . Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly . . . Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things . . . and *then* taste Old Charter!

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

6 YEARS OLD

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YOU'VE ASKED ABOUT IT!

NOW HERE IT IS!

Bottled in Bond Mount Vernon

Here's news to set your taste a-tingling. Mount Vernon is once again bottled in bond at 100 proof!

All that wonderful mildness—the delicate flavor that surprised and delighted the palate—now it's all yours to enjoy again!

Ask for this light-bodied straight rye whiskey. You'll agree the return of bonded Mount Vernon is the Happiest Return in many a day!

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Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
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Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't
100 Proof
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THE SAME SQUARE WHISKEY
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